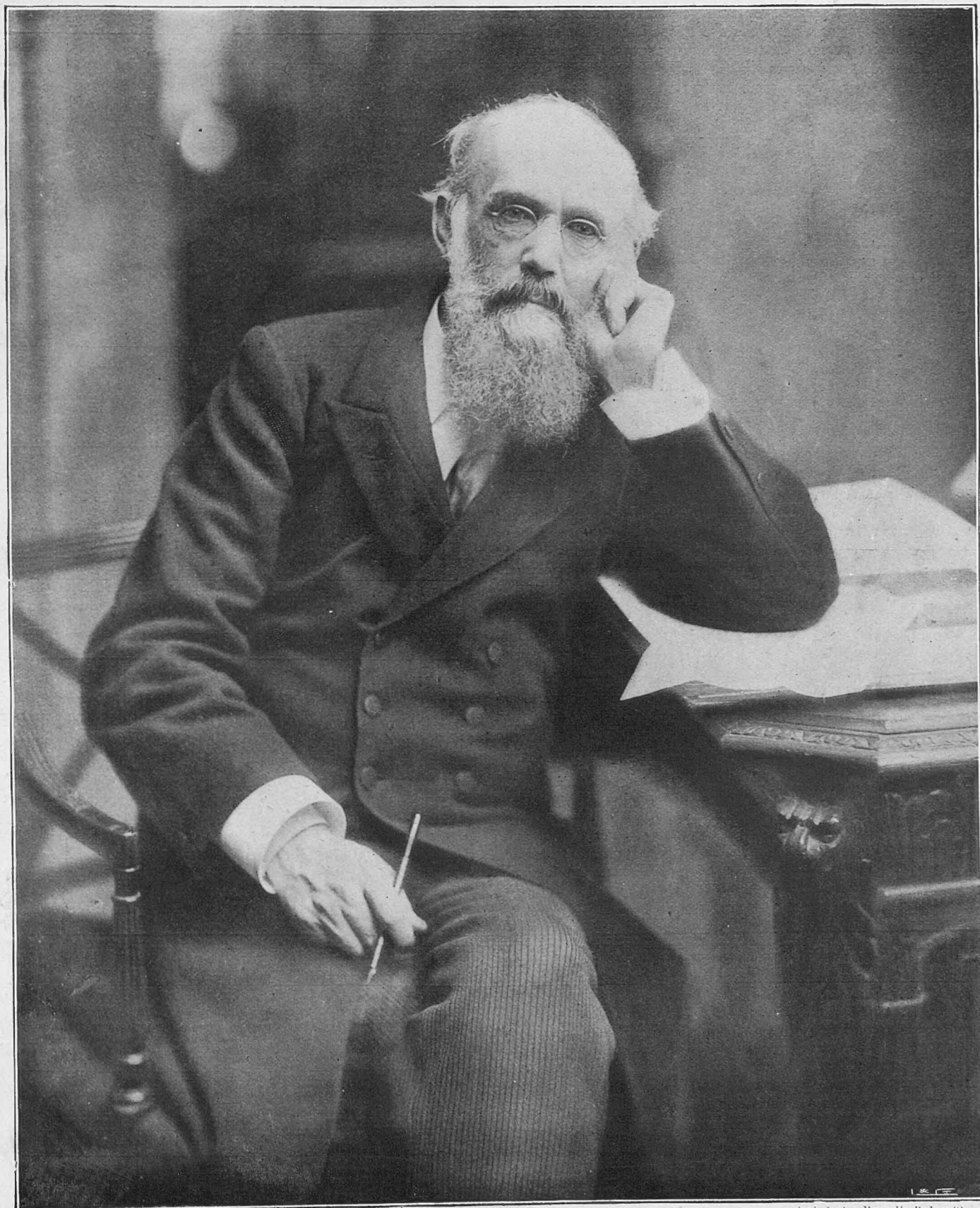




No. 306.—Vol. XXIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1898.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6ld.



[Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

DR. CLIFFORD, THE FAMOUS NONCONFORMIST DIVINE.

*Dr. Clifford, the President of the National Council of Free Churches, presided the other evening over a crowded meeting at the City Temple, and was supported by the Presidents of all the leading Free Church Denominations. In his speech he claimed that they "voiced the convictions and purposes of 1,841,767 members of the Free Churches. They were training 3,170,193 young people in their Sunday Schools. They owned fifty million pounds' worth of property. They were more than half the 'communicants' living in England and Wales."—But do they read "The Sketch"?*



## THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S BAZAAR AT WINDSOR.

*From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Windsor.*

Windsor was very gay last week over the Princess Christian's Bazaar, held at the Albert Institute in aid of Windsor Crèche and the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Bazaar began on Tuesday, Nov. 29. There was no formal inauguration ceremony. It was hoped that her Majesty would visit the Bazaar about midday, but other arrangements intervened. A beautiful floral muff of roses, chrysanthemums, and lilies-of-the-valley was, however, sent to the Castle for her Majesty's acceptance.



H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Princess Christian presided over the Children's Stall, and had with her Princess Ena of Battenberg and several assistants. The Crèche Stall was under the charge of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and assistants. Other distinguished people who assisted were the Countess of Arran, Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, Baroness von und zu Egloffstein, and Baroness Schröder.

The entertainments were capitally organised and carried out. Among these the children's tableaux were particularly pretty. In "Turn Again, Whittington," the wayworn little adventurer was played by Miss Benyon.

The performers in "All Among the Barley," the final tableau, seemed to prefer to remain unknown, as far at least as the programme was concerned. The scene was very effectively rendered. The Bazaar was visited by the Empress Frederick and Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, who arrived about three o'clock.

On Wednesday Princess Christian again presided at the Bazaar, which was largely attended. A great deal of business was done, and the excellent programmes of the previous day were repeated, with certain variations. The dramatic performances of the two days included scenes from "The Hunchback," "Old Cronies," "Cheerful and Musical," and "A Joint Household." There were some excellent concerts, and the bands of the Scots Guards and 2nd Life Guards were in attendance by kind permission of the Colonels of these regiments. Palmistry, a shooting-gallery, and silhouette photography added to the fun of the fair, which realised about £500. Among the more interesting contributions to the Bazaar were four large dolls presented by the Queen. These

were dressed in Indian costume by the wife of the Munshi Abdul Karim, her Majesty's Indian Secretary. The Empress Frederick and Princess Henry of Battenberg sent useful woollen articles of their own



TABLEAU: "TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON."

handiwork. The Duchess of Connaught and her daughters, as well as Princess Ena of Battenberg, sent scrap-books and an album made by themselves. Altogether, the function was very enjoyable.



TABLEAU BY CHILDREN: "ALL AMONG THE BARLEY."





## A WOMAN OF WORTH.

Mrs. Haweis, wife of the popular preacher and author, died at Bath on Nov. 24, after nearly two months' illness. She distinguished herself as an artist when little more than a child, exhibiting at the Royal Academy at sixteen, and in recent years has made considerable mark in the world of art and letters. Her work in connection with Lady Henry Somerset's Mercy League and other societies for the protection of animals will be long remembered. Her best-known books are "Chaucer for Children" and "The Art of Beauty." She was cremated at Woking on Nov. 26, and her ashes were deposited in her family-vault at Boughton Monchelsea.



## ABOUT THE THEATRES.

"A Golden Wedding," which now precedes the abbreviated "Manœuvres of Jane" at the Haymarket Theatre, is a pretty comedieta, creditable to Mr. Eden Philpotts and Mr. Charles Groves, the authors. The somewhat antique style of workmanship seems hardly undesirable in dealing with the tale of the old people who on their golden-wedding day receive a visit from the suitor of the wife, who was rejected half-a-century before. Mr. Cyril Maude, as the husband, gives an able, interesting study of old age, and Mr. Sydney Valentine acts cleverly in the part of the rejected suitor. Jane, in whom, on her début, I was so fortunate as to take greater pleasure than most of the critics, has been sharply handled by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, her author, and now is a very sprightly, entertaining young lady, who promises to reach middle-age at the least. She has thrown off the mask, and frankly appears as a creature of farcical comedy; wherefore, what seemed rather ugly traits in her character are no longer to be deplored. The audiences appear to be delighted by the play, as well as justly enthusiastic concerning the players; for the acting is admirable throughout. Mr. Cyril Maude, as Lord Bapchild, is irresistibly funny; Miss Winifred Emery, as Jane, fascinatingly cat-like; Miss Gertrude Kingston's study of the shy Constantia is a fine piece of character-acting, and Miss Rose Leclercq's performance quite brilliant. Nor should several others, such as Messrs. Frederick Harrison, C. M. Hallard, W. G. Elliot, and F. H. Tyler, be overlooked.

To see "The Manœuvres of Jane" and "On and Off" upon consecutive evenings is to have a splendid opportunity for a study of the two classes of comic play, the intellectual and the—the other. One rests on humorous study of life and the results of clash of character and character, and the other upon the whirling about of puppets in a wild series of more or less improbable incidents. Yet, one must not forget to praise M. Bisson and the nameless adapter for the wonderful ingenuity of their concoction and the immense "go" in the elementary farce which will cause London to roar with laughter for months. Of the adventures of M. Godfray, who neglects his fascinating wife and odious mother-in-law in search of legitimate, if unlawful, happiness elsewhere, of his way of getting liberty for half each week by pretending to be inspector of railway sleeping-cars, one cannot speak in detail: a whole number of the *Wide World Magazine*, or perhaps, I should say, of *The Sketch*, would be hardly sufficient in space.

It is, however, rather in the incident of the winking-girl employee of a wine-merchant, who does a kind of *chantage* with her aid, that the real fun lies. As her winks and nods draw one after the other of the characters into the toils, the house shrieks with laughter. Yet, perhaps, the kind of musical-chairs business of the last act, where, to punish the naughty husband, the parties at a breakfast keep changing places each time he is out of the room till he thinks that his brain has turned, will contribute even more to the inevitable success. There is a great deal of telephone business not too adroitly handled, which amuses the house, but seems to be rather too far-fetched for even the most extravagant of farce. It may be doubted whether the popular George Giddens ever played better than as the wicked husband, in which his immense energy and cleverness worked wonders in the way of amusing an audience. Quite as entertaining was Mr. Paul Arthur as the real railway inspector, and his work is of a higher style of acting. Miss Elliott Page presented charmingly and with skill the not very effective part of the wife. Praise, too, must be given to Miss Lucie Milner, Miss Marie Yorke, Mr. William Wyes, and Mr. Mackay.

For reasons obvious, but unflattering to many, we were all pleased to find that the foundation of "Cupboard Love," the new play by Mr. H. V. Esmond, produced on Saturday at the Court, was a conspiracy of young men to prevent the middle-aged from engrossing all the pretty girls. Perhaps it is only on the stage that the man of forty-something defeats the rival who has youth on his side; if so, the stage is the place to combat the tradition. What a pity, then, that the conspirators should merely act like schoolboys, and have no better plan than that of invading a girl's bedroom late at night to read to her the flat of the eight members against the folly of April and August marriage! The foolish, ill-mannered fellows met with but their just reward, when they were shut up in cupboards for hours, and almost asphyxiated. Indeed, one cannot help a feeling of regret at the thought that the charming young ladies had some moments of terror and anxiety on account of the escapade of this ridiculous "League of Youth."

It is difficult to guess how it chances that a young writer who lately gave us so delightful a comedy as "One Summer's Day" should follow it up with a farce so mechanical in humour as "Cupboard Love," which contains nothing to suggest its authorship. Perhaps one should not altogether regret what seems a check in a promising career, since it may show the author that success on the stage is not to be won without great labour—for apparently the farce has been written hastily, on the assumption that the central idea could be turned easily into an effective play.

Quite a host of clever people are engaged at the Court: Miss Boucicault, one of our cleverest actresses; Miss May Whitty and Miss Sybil Carlisle, always charming; Miss Caldwell and Miss M. A. Victor. There's a collection! Perhaps the men make an even stronger group with Messrs. H. Standing, Seymour Hicks, Dion Boucicault, Kenneth Douglas, Aubrey Fitzgerald, C. P. Little, and G. Hawtrey—all, alas! employed to comparatively little purpose.

## THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

The ball at Covent Garden on Friday was a great success. Not only were the costumes unusually ingenious, but a "cake-walk" was introduced by sixteen well-known music-hall celebrities, all blackened, and led by Mr. Eugene Stratton and Miss Bessie Wentworth. Next week I shall describe exactly, by means of a series of excellent pictures, what a "cake-walk" is. Meanwhile, let me say that in the early hours of Saturday morning the crowded audience that looked down on the aforesaid sixteen were well repaid for being so long out of bed. The most ingenious costumes were "The Equator," "The North Pole at Last," "Noah's Ark," and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Mr. Neil Forsyth and Mr. Rendle may be congratulated upon the skill with which they carried out an entertainment that was alike picturesque and inspiring.

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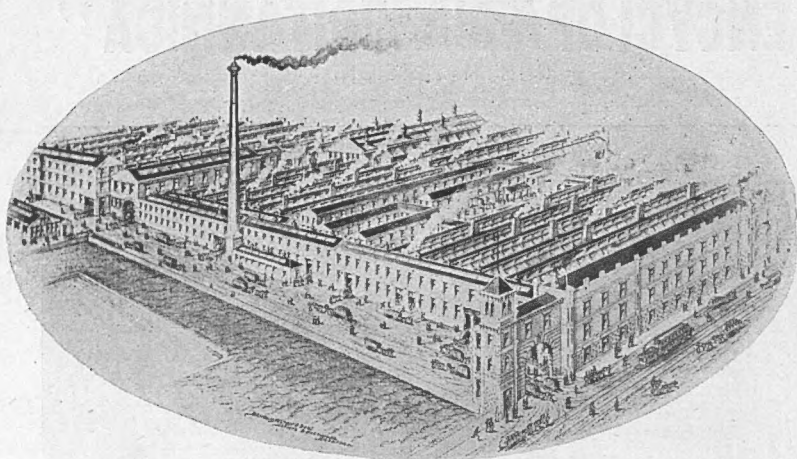
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## IN AND AROUND BRADFORD.

## THE LARGEST DYEING-WORKS IN THE WORLD.

It appears that there has been lately introduced into the Bradford dyeing trade a new feature, which has already been stamped with great success. The initiated are well aware that cotton, when treated by certain chemicals, shrinks. This fact has led one of the leading firms to introduce a very ingenious new process by which the most wonderful



A BIG BRADFORD DYE-WORKS.

results are obtained in *crépons* of all colours, but mainly in blacks. This novel innovation will add enormously to the revenues of the now federated firms of Bradford dyers, besides extending the already wide fame of the trade. Again, in what is technically termed the "mercerisation" of cotton goods, causing them to look so like silk that only the experienced eyes of those in the business can detect the difference, a new departure has been made by several of the firms, and a very considerable trade has been already done in this direction. The results thus obtained are marvellous, the blacks and colours being transformed into the most beautiful goods of a rich, silk-like appearance. The fabrics thus ingeniously "mercerised" are used for the linings of gentlemen's coats, skirtings, backings of ladies' dresses, corsets, and for innumerable other purposes.

Of late years Bradford has made immense strides in the production of high-class fancy fabrics, and is competing triumphantly in this direction with French and German makers, who formerly possessed the cream of the trade. It is well to know that the dyers have in these patriotic efforts been ardently supported by the local spinners and manufacturers.

Our contributor tells us what it feels like to be groping in the dense mists of one of these enormous dyeing-houses which are such pronounced features of Bradford and the surrounding district. You can scarcely see a yard in front or behind for the volumes of hissing steam which envelop the whole place. Over stone paving full of puddles you pursue your devious way, squeezing past throbbing engines here and madly revolving rollers there. From first to last you are shown a score of processes, and listen to your guide's explanations, couched in cabalistic phraseology, until, deafened by the noise, blinded by the steam, and speechless with astonishment, you haply rest awhile in the calm and peaceful haven of the laboratory, wherein able chemists preside over the scientific mysteries in which this wonderful art of dyeing is now enshrouded. It is a privilege to be admitted into the arcana, and to see the gradual progress of those mounds of wool or cotton goods, received from the manufacturer or merchant "in the grey"—that is, their natural hue—until they emerge ready for returning to their owners previous to being despatched all over the habitable globe; but when your visit is ended, and you come to sit down and endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of what you have witnessed, your heart is rather apt to come into your mouth, and you feel that you would be thankful indeed to him who could tell you how to make a start.

Well for you if you are accompanied on your long round of one of these mammoth "works" by one who will patiently saturate your mind with everything necessary to make you understand something of all this whirling machinery and these fiery "plates"; for then you learn that the methods of the primitive dyers have given place to Science, that those engaged in the process are the most highly skilled craftsmen, and that these are dominated by the master minds of professors of chemistry who have graduated at the Technical College of which Bradford is naturally proud, at the Victoria University, at the Zürich Polytechnic, at Munich University, or at some other recognised school of learning.

In the solitude of the chemist's study we gather up the scattered threads of our guide's discourse, and range them in something verging on order. As we have begun by mentioning the reception of the goods "in the grey" (the state in which they left the loom), it may be as well to say that, before anything else is done to or with the pieces of material,

a private mark is sewn on them for the purpose of identification, so that when, during our progress through "Ripleys," "Sharps," "Aykroyds," "Armitages," &c., we vaguely ask to whom such and such rolls of finished material belong, we are immediately informed by reference to the mystic signs thereon.

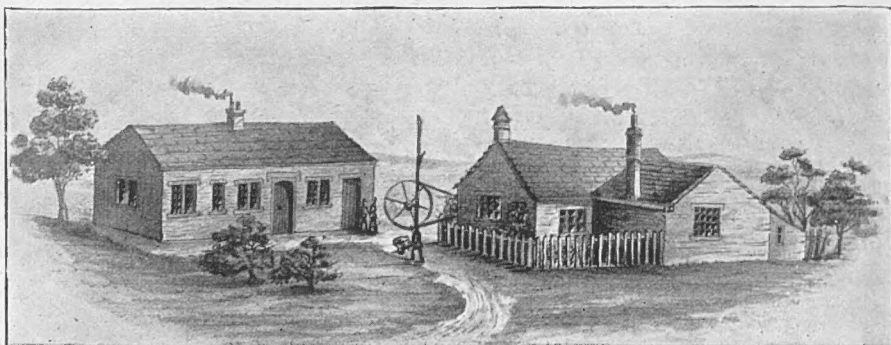
Entering the "crab-house," we find that, previous to being scoured, the pieces of material have to be "crabbed"; the purpose of "crabbing" or "setting" being to prevent the pieces from crimping or shrinking while they are undergoing scouring or dyeing. In this department, then, we watch the pieces as they pass through boiling liquors, to be next rolled on perforated cylinders and subjected to steam saturation at high pressure, the escape of steam at this stage causing the difficulty of seeing precisely where you are above referred to.

Having now left the steaming cylinders, the pieces are next seen drying on other huge heating-machines, a few minutes sufficing to cleanse and dry them. The ensuing process is "singeing." Underneath each singeing-machine is a blazing fire, heating to a red-hot pitch the "plates" (sheets of iron or copper), which are placed above the scorching heat. Over these fiery-red plates pass, with a rapidity that dazes you, the pieces of material, which are unwound from revolving cylinders, the contact of the material with the hot, spark-emitting plates being just sufficient to burn off any loose fibres which may protrude from the material without damaging the latter in any way. How the material itself escapes destruction is a mystery.

The pieces are now ready for actual dyeing. They have that smoothness, gloss, and lustre which they have hitherto lacked during their trial trip; and the moment has arrived when our dyer has to decide as to the particular hue, shade, or tint to be employed. The pattern-books and cards are bewildering in their variety, and there are millions of shades and tints! According to the particular shade required by the manufacturer, the pieces are passed into the various dye-houses. We must not linger over the aniline dyes, except to remark that these are produced from coal-tar, and that some forty years ago one Perkin was the discover of mauve, and later of magenta.

Having seen the "goods" received at the works in their natural state, and now actually dyed, we are next shown them undergoing the finishing touches—that is to say, dried in various ways according to the character of the cloth and the "finish" required by the manufacturers, "matched off" for shade, "cropped," "filled," and "tentured," or stretched out by machinery to the necessary width—the latter a remarkably interesting operation. Finally, but not before they have been subjected to still further operations, we find them in the "looking-over" room, where they are keenly scrutinised, and then hydraulically pressed between hot-plates and smooth mill-boards. The pieces emerge from the presses glossy and radiant, and, when they are "made up," are ready to decorate the shop-windows of the great streets of the world.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the Bradford dyeing trade as a national industry. Its extent may be gauged from the recital of one or two isolated facts. Some score or so of the principal firms have recently entered into a federation with the object of uniting their interests into one vast whole. During the last three years their "turn-over" has been every year, on an average, something like two hundred and thirty-five million yards of cloth, valued at from twelve to fifteen millions sterling! The weight of that amount of cloth is about 120,000,000 lb., and it is said that the net profit annually of these federated firms runs to upwards of £200,000. Roughly speaking, the artisans engaged in the Bradford dyeing trade—that is to say, employed by the firms referred to—number about ten thousand. The water used by one firm alone (but that is the largest) is reported to cost £10,000 a-year, while another well-known firm spends nearly £5000 yearly for its supply of the indispensable element, which, by the way, is so precious that it is used over and over again after undergoing



A BRADFORD DYE-HOUSE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

purification. Then the coal. What do you think of one of these huge businesses using more than thirty thousand tons every year? The acreage of the ground on which one of these huge "works" stands equals that of some of our smaller towns. You must study the subject by personally visiting these hives of industry to fully appreciate the vastness of the Bradford dyeing trade, and the more you know of the commercial side of life, the easier you will comprehend its importance as a factor in our national life and history. There is not a single unit of the population who can be said to be uninterested in this wonderful Bradford industry, which equally concerns both sexes and all classes.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

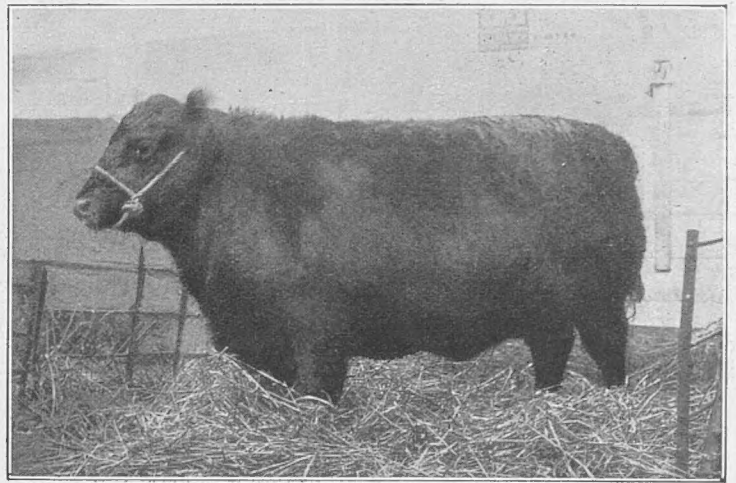
I open to-day with a vision of Christmas in the shape of cattle which have been astonishing Birmingham. There is nothing fantastic about the vision, for, in the choice diction of the Cattle Show reporter, these animals are nothing if not "blocky" and obvious.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST-PRIZE HEREFORD STEER.

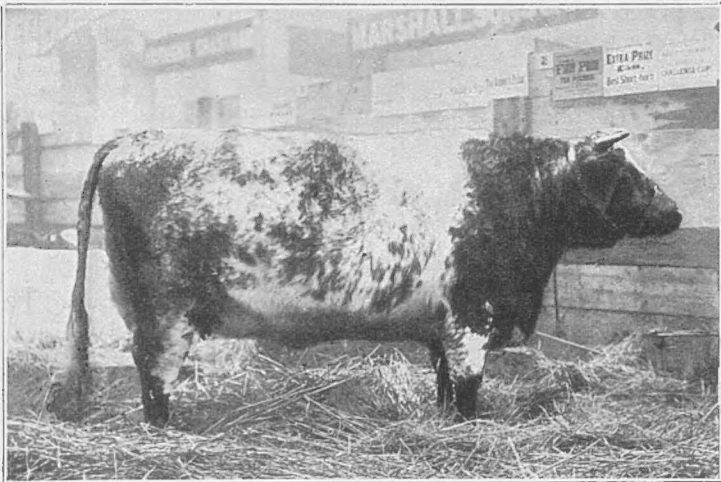
Dublin folks are, I understand, delighted with the princely gift which it is announced is to be made to that charming city by Lord Iveagh. Model-dwellings, places of entertainment and recreation, a

Some dictionary-makers are not destitute of humour. In the library edition of "Chambers's English Dictionary," edited by the Rev. Thomas Davidson, I find "zoanthropy" thus defined: "A form of mental delusion in which a man believes himself to be a beast. The devout divine,



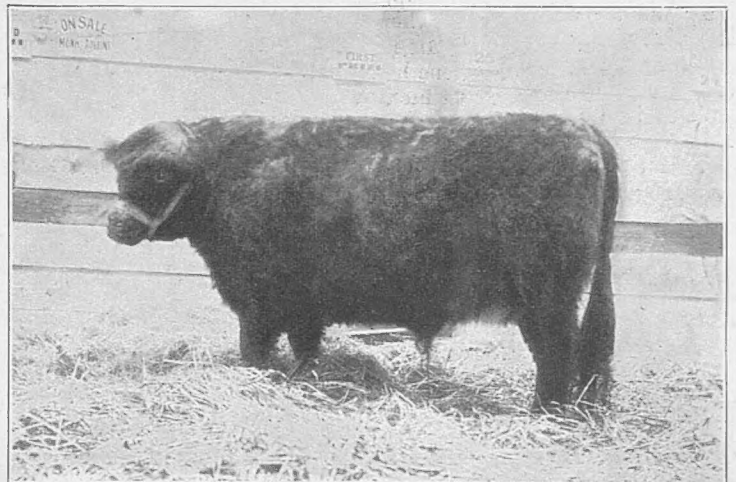
LORD STRATHMORE'S ABERDEEN ANGUS HEIFER, CHAMPION OF THE SHOW.

Simon Browne (1680-1732), under this belief devoted himself to the making of a dictionary. 'I am doing nothing,' he says, 'that requires a reasonable soul; I am making a dictionary.'



THE QUEEN'S SPLENDID SHORTHORN HEIFER, MARGARET.

park, a gymnasium, and other comfortable and delightful things, will be very welcome in Dublin, while the news that a millionaire is about to "disgorge" will give joy to the morose Socialist all over the country.



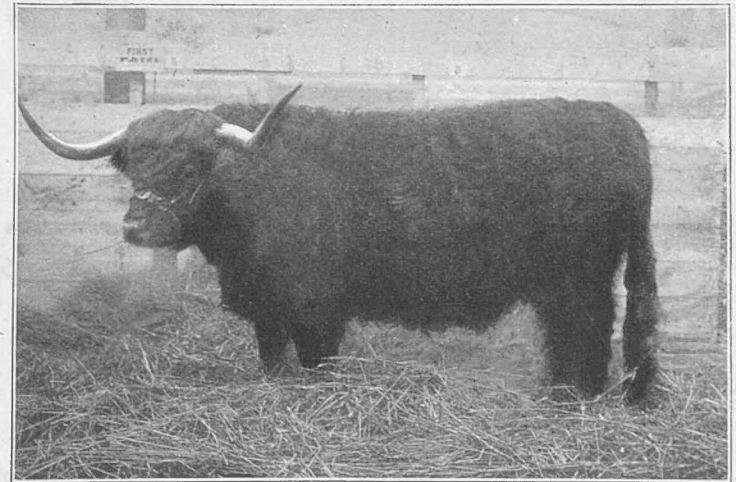
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRST-PRIZE CROSS-BRED.

A large party of Special Service officers and other details appointed to the Sierra Leone Expeditionary Force sailed on the 26th inst. from Liverpool in the British and African Company's steamer *Loanda*.



BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD'S SHORTHORN STEER, CAMERONIAN.

Indeed, Lord Iveagh is to be congratulated on his decision—supposing the report true—for it must surely be a relief, when one is worth some £14,000,000 or £16,000,000 sterling (which is about the reputed figure of Lord Iveagh's fortune), to find a legitimate outlet for some of this tremendous storage of the "golden stream."



SIR REGINALD CATHCART'S FIRST-PRIZE WEST HIGHLAND STEER.

Amongst those who embarked was Captain F. E. P. Curzon, Royal Irish Rifles, who was recently "mentioned" in a supplementary despatch of the Sirdar's and recommended for his good services during the late campaign in the Soudan. Captain Crawley, 12th Lancers, was also a passenger in the same vessel.



I congratulate the Editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* on his very dainty Christmas Annual. With a keen eye to actuality, he has made one of its principal features a story of the Soudan, entitled "Sphinx,"



COVER OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER."

by Miss Clo Graves, and, indeed, all the stories are redolent of the East and our great victory at Omdurman. The illustrations to this story are by Mr. Dudley Cleaver, another member of a clever family, and they are excellent. The number also contains stories by many well-known pens, and poetry by the ever-popular Clement Scott and Kate Bishop. Then there is one of Mr. Louis Wain's delightfully humorous pictures in colours, entitled "The Naughty Puss." Altogether, Mr. John Latey, who is naturally a general favourite among his brother-journalists, will not lack their congratulations on this occasion.

The Christmas Numbers keep crowding in on everybody, and they are all so good in their way that the wise man buys all. The *Illustrated London News* has an excellent

coloured plate, "The Reconciliation," by Mr. J. A. Lomax. There are stories by Mr. Max Pemberton, Gelett Burgess, "Q," and a poem by Bret Harte. The *Graphic* has many stories by some of the most popular writers of the day, and has not only a coat but a body of many colours. *The Sketch* has two coloured plates, which deal with the flirtation of a parson, and there is a special supplement of beautiful women, called "The Fairest of the Fair." There are stories by Mr. W. E. Norris, Dr. George MacDonald, and Mr. E. H. Cooper. The *Lady's Pictorial* gives three coloured plates, one being a lovely portrait of the Princess of Wales in the fancy dress which she wore, as Marguerite de Valois, in the historic Devonshire House Ball. There are stories by Katharine Tynan, Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon (with powerful illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen), Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mrs. Mannington Caffyn.

Here is a list from the *Daily News* of the sixty-two gentlemen of the County Council who voted against Sunday Concerts. One should bear these ultra-Sabbatarians in mind when one comes to vote for the next County Council election. Think, for example, of Mr. John Burns. Who on earth does he represent in this galley?—

#### MODERATES (17)

R. C. Antrobus.  
R. M. Beauchcroft.  
Colonel Campbell.  
T. L. Corbett.  
G. E. Dodson.  
E. G. Easton.  
H. A. Harben.  
L. H. Hayter.  
G. B. Longstaff.  
Sir Blundell Maple.  
W. Matthews.  
Earl of Meath.  
R. W. E. Middleton.  
J. B. Porter.  
Colonel Rotton.  
T. B. Westacott.  
G. White.

#### PROGRESSIVES (45)

Sir Arthur Arnold.  
J. A. Baker.

J. W. Benn.  
J. Benson.  
J. Braithwaite.  
W. W. Bruce.  
J. Burns.  
C. G. Clarke.  
B. Cooper.  
E. A. Cornwall.  
W. Crooks.  
W. Davies.  
W. H. Dickinson.  
Colonel Ford.  
C. Freak.  
W. Goodman.  
H. Gosling.  
N. W. Hubbard.  
T. Hunter.  
Sir John Hutton.  
T. H. W. Idris.  
J. Jeffery.  
G. Lampard.  
J. McDougall.

Lord Monkswell.  
T. A. Organ.  
R. Parker.  
W. C. Parkinson.  
J. Peppercorn.  
R. C. Phillimore.  
A. Pomeroy.  
F. Purchase.  
N. Robinson.  
Earl Russell.  
W. C. Steadman.  
R. Strong.  
H. R. Taylor.  
J. Thornton.  
A. M. Torrance.  
H. Ward.  
D. S. Waterlow.  
Sir Algernon West.  
Rev. Fleming Williams.  
H. J. Williams;  
and  
W. B. Yates.

There are few men in the House of Commons more respected than Sir Stafford Northcote, who has just announced that the present Parliament will be his last. His name raises pleasant memories. Never did a truer English gentleman than his father sit in Parliament. The only fault of the late Lord Iddesleigh was that he was too mild and meek. Sir Stafford Northcote resembles him, not in height, but in voice and manner, and when he rises he gives the same diffident shake of the shoulders. If he cared, he might exercise considerable influence, but he is too shy to thrust himself forward. He has played a quiet, modest part during the eighteen years he has been in the House. Mr. Herbert Gladstone and he made their maiden speeches in the same debate, the father of the one being then Prime Minister and the father of the other Leader of the Opposition. Neither has shown much political ambition. Sir Stafford Northcote held office for a short time under Lord Salisbury, but has been a private member since 1887. His father's pathetic ending, combined with his own weak health, may have deprived him of the inclination for place and power.

Colonel Martin, who led the charge of the Lancers at Omdurman, has been almost as much in demand for banquets as the Sirdar himself.

At the Scottish Corporation dinner on St. Andrew's night, for instance, the gallant Colonel was quite abashed by the enthusiasm of the company. They seized every opportunity of cheering him, and Archdeacon Sinclair declared that, if they could not be transformed into Lord Kitchener, they would rather be Colonel Martin than anybody else. Mr. Gould would find a good subject for his pencil in the Archdeacon leading a cavalry charge! The proposer of the military toast, a distinguished Civil Servant from India, was unable to discover any connection between the Lancers and Scotland. Archdeacon Sinclair, however, proved equal to the occasion. "Is not the Marquis of Tullibardine a distinguished Scotchman?" he asked; "and did not the Marquis ride with the Lancers?" I suppose we shall next be told that the Lancers are a Scottish regiment.

Another very interesting military figure at the Scottish banquet was General Sir John Ewart. Although still full of fire and vigour, with bright eye and strong voice, Sir John is in his seventy-eighth winter, and has been in service for upwards of sixty years. He has worn the tartans of several Highland regiments, and is now the Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland. The only respect in which the Highland soldiers have fallen back is in height. Sir John Ewart says they are not, as a rule, so tall now as the men with whom he landed in the Crimea. His left sleeve hangs empty at his side, the arm having been shot off at Cawnpore. The father of this gallant veteran was a Lieutenant-General, and two of his own sons are officers in the Cameron Highlanders. London Scots are always delighted to see him at their banquet, and he is still so hale that there is reason to hope they have not yet heard his last rattling speech.

My account of the shirt worn by Charles I. at his execution has brought me a kind communication from Mrs. Hughes D'Aeth, The Elms, Canterbury, who supplies the missing part of the history of the famous garment. In 1873, on the death of my correspondent's father-in-law, Admiral Hughes D'Aeth, of Knowlton Court, the historic garment became the property of his eldest son, Mr. Narborough Hughes D'Aeth, who died in 1886. From that year it remained in the custody of my correspondent, Mr. Hughes D'Aeth's widow, the possessor being her eldest son, Captain L. N. Hughes D'Aeth, late 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers. Mrs. Hughes D'Aeth makes this statement in order that the present fortunate possessor of the relic, should he read this, may be able to complete the chain of evidence respecting it. No doubt he and many others will be interested to learn these further particulars.

The Poet Laureate has evidently given a good advertisement to the Villa I Cedri, outside Florence, where he abode last winter. His charming new book, "Lamia's Winter Quarters," has not been out a month, yet already the Duke of Connaught is announced to have taken the house for two months. It was not the garden in this case which attracted Mr. Austin, since it is small, and the house stands on a rocky acclivity not particularly favourable to the growth of flowers. He tells of the difficulty he had to restrain the gardener from selling the flowers every day, that utilitarian person being quite unable to realise that they could possibly have any other destination than the daily flower-market. The great charm of the villa lies in its beautiful views over Florence.

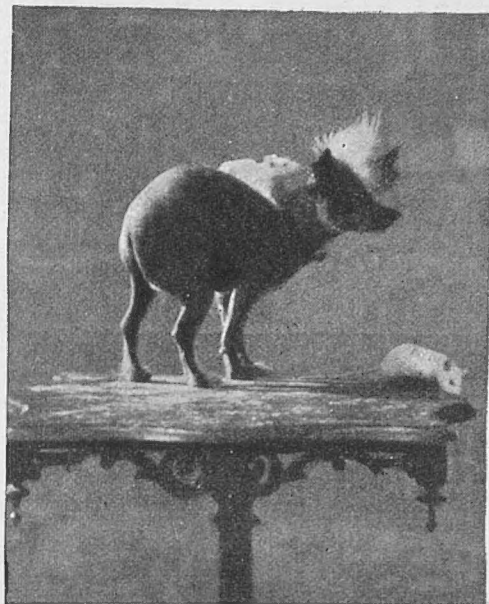
It would have been curious and interesting to have watched the results upon commerce between England and France had the unfortunate Fashoda crisis not been settled with the good sense that was evidenced. As it was, we heard of Lloyd's taking war precautions and of merchants making contracts in anticipation of the profits to be derived from a rupture between the two countries. When our imports from France amount to some £50,000,000 a-year, and a large proportion of this is in the shape of wine—in the production of which the French stand pre-eminent—it is evident that there would have been fortunes made and lost by such a dislocation of this trade as must have occurred. I have heard of one firm, Messrs. Godfree, Felton, and Co., of 15, Duke Street, Strand, whose enterprise showed itself in their importing a large quantity of wine, which will probably result in a loss to them under the benign circumstances. They imported over a thousand dozens of the Roederer 1889 vintage wine, and instead of getting seventy or eighty shillings per dozen, as they probably would have done had their forebodings been realised, they are selling this really excellent wine at fifty-seven shillings per dozen, and even then are making a reduction from this price to those who take large quantities. I should doubt whether any other 1889 vintage bearing a good name can be obtained at so low a price.



COVER OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL."



A fine specimen of the Mexican hairless crested dog is Judy, who belongs to Lady Robinson, the wife of Sir Ernest Robinson, Bart., who is now at Mohinderpur, Bengal. Judy has two great friends, Adam and Eve, who are white rats. Judy was born in India, but her parents hail from Mexico. She is affectionate, but jealous of other dogs. The photograph was taken by Major St. John Gore, 5th Dragoon Guards.



LADY ROBINSON'S MEXICAN DOG, JUDY.

The Marchioness of Lorne has designed a star to be used for the awards given at the Annual Exhibitions of the Royal Drawing Society.

With the stationing of a guardship at Alexandria, a new departure is made, I believe, from the accepted practice of English Governments, guardships being placed only at such ports as are actually British or under the sole protection of Great Britain.

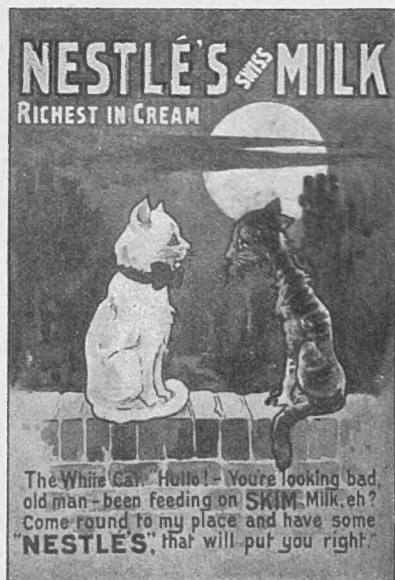
The vessel which will have the honour of being the first guardship at the Egyptian port in question is the *Rupert*. She is an old "muzzle-loader" ironclad, but has been completely refitted, and will, it is said, make a thoroughly efficient vessel for the duty in question, though she could hardly be regarded as a good sea-going ship. The *Rupert* is commanded by Commander Algernon Grenville Grenfell, one of the old West Country family which for generations has made its name an honoured one in the two services, and which has especial associations in the Near East.

It is interesting to recall a deed of naval daring of which, when but a young lieutenant, the father of the commander of the *Rupert* (the late Admiral Sidney Grenfell) was the hero. It was in the Syrian campaign of 1840, at the attack on the fortress of Gebail, when the seamen of the English attacking party having retreated to their boats, it was noticed that a small boat-flag, which had been planted on a garden wall during the attack on the castle as a signal to the ships, had been carelessly left by the pilot of the *Cyclops*. Lieutenant Grenfell, accompanied by a seaman, volunteered to return under a heavy fire and remove it. This they did most gallantly, bringing it off amidst the cheers from all the ships—an excellent illustration of the importance attached by our sailors to "the honour of the flag."

The excellent photograph of a panel for the Rossetti reredos at Christ Church, Woburn Square, was taken by Mr. Frank Child, 12, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.

One of the most striking posters recently pasted on the hoardings is the new design for Nestlé's Milk, printed by Waterlow. In black-and-white it looks clever, but in the original colour it is remarkably effective.

Those eagerly expected Bismarck volumes are with us, and are being read and reviewed on all sides. We shall now have an opportunity of judging whether—as is contended by some German authorities—the man of blood and iron had as great a command of diction and of style as he had of men. I was assured the other day by a highly intelligent German gentleman that there was no doubt that this was the case, and that Bismarck's literary style and choice of language would more than hold their own with those of any really great German writer. This gentleman, speaking of Wagner (of whom he was a personal friend), told me that Bismarck had an enormous admiration for him as a composer, and was deeply moved by his tremendous music-dramas; but, with regard to the *man* himself, the Chancellor was hardly so enthusiastic. "He can talk of but two subjects," said Bismarck, "himself and his art, and, to be frank, he



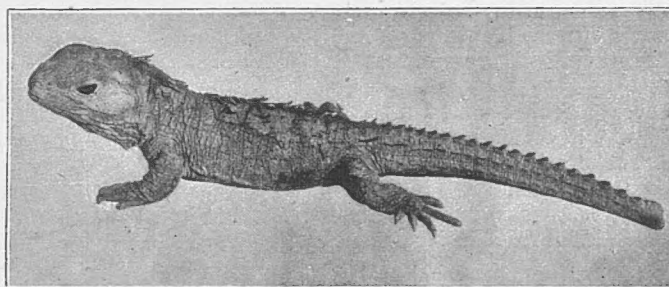
A STRIKING POSTER.

bores me." That Wagner did devote his conversation largely to those topics is, no doubt, true, but that he could talk on others—indeed, on most—with a genius and penetration all his own is, I am confident, equally certain.

I am glad to see that a London Society of Huntingdonians is being formed, Mr. F. Litchfield acting as honorary secretary *pro tem*. The object of the new society is to promote good-fellowship among Huntingdonians on more than political lines. The term "Huntingdonian" is to include—(a) A person born in Hunts; (b) a person of Hunts parentage on either side; (c) a person who, though not coming within the foregoing definitions, is especially identified with Huntingdonshire. It is further intended—(1) To register the names and addresses of all young men coming to London from the county with proper credentials; (2) to keep a list of situations vacant to which young men might be recommended, together with lodgings, apartments, &c.; (3) to occasionally arrange for trips to places of interest in the county. This is an excellent programme. Such societies form a most useful background to all exiles in London, who at times seem oppressed by an extraordinary sense of lostness, and who have a craving to belong to something. I have frequently noticed this among my friends.

Miss Muriel Griffiths got a hearty reception at her concert yesterday week at the Salle Erard. She is an Australian, and was assisted by Miss Therese Sievwright, who sang, and Miss Beatrice Griffiths, who played the piano accompaniments.

The Tuatara lizard of New Zealand is said to be one of the most ancient forms of animal life now existing. It originally possessed four eyes, but now, like other things, has to be contented with the usual number. It lays eggs, and these take no less than thirteen months to hatch out, the embryos passing the winter in a state of hibernation. These remarkable animals are found only in one or two places in the colony, and they are rapidly becoming scarce, as collectors from



THE TUATARA LIZARD OF NEW ZEALAND.

every part of the world are continually on their track. They are about eighteen inches in length, and, like many of the lizards, are said to have the characteristic of being able to replace portions of their limbs, &c., which have been destroyed. One owned by Mr. Carl Hanser, of Awanui, had the misfortune to lose an eye some time ago, and now a complete new eye, as perfect as the undamaged one, has grown in the place of that lost. This may seem a traveller's yarn, but it is fully vouched for by the Stipendiary Magistrate of the district.

"It never rains but it overflows" might reasonably be the Nicois' translation of our home-made truism at this juncture, seeing that, to follow the drought which has caused such sensations and such smells on the Riviera this year, they now have had not only torrents of rain but an onslaught from the tempestuous Mediterranean itself, which made its uninvited appearance on the Promenade des Anglais some days ago. Much to the dismay of some belated travellers, the waves came dashing over the quay, while they, thus being let in for the double sousing of sea and sky, might have justly felt that moderation in all things is indeed a proverb to pray by.

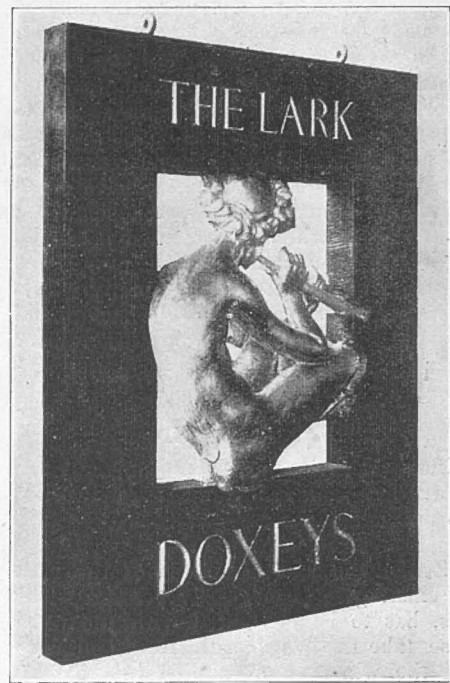
Meanwhile, the typhoid scare is dying down, and, though the season is a little behind its usual time, people are trickling in, as the expressive Irishman has it. There would, by the way, have been no typhoid to speak of but that some of the natives during the water-famine took their supplies from the Vésobie, a stream into which several villages drain, and which is used only for street-sprinkling and flushing, ordinarily speaking. Now, however, this has been put a stop to, and no new cases are reported. Such well-known hostesses as Mrs. O'Hagan, Madame Biletta, and the Countess Baffigi have sent out cards for their usual winter receptions, which looks as if things were really on the point of settling down to the usual gay pace of the sunshiny, inconsequent, violet-scented Riviera.

The suggestion made by Rev. John Kerr, the parish minister of Dirlerton, to hold a Golf Exhibition in the year 1900—the "last of the century," he terms this year—is a commendable one, and when known should meet with very general approval. One of the many glories of the dying century, Mr. Kerr thinks, is the triumph of golf, which has gone forth conquering everywhere, and which, he is sure, has a greater future before it than can be imagined. Material might be gathered together, he adds, that would throw light on the origin and history of the game.



I reproduce the two special features of the book business of San Francisco. "The Sign of the Lark" swings at Mr. Doxey's place of business, and in his windows these exhibits take place. Mr. Doxey, who is an Englishman, was the originator of special window-exhibits, which

many of the Eastern houses are now imitating. His first window met with great success, and so encouraged him to continue them, the last one being a "Rubáiyát" window, which attracted more attention, if possible, than any of his previous displays. The picture of it on the opposite page gives only a small idea of its interest. These windows are planned and dressed by Mr. Doxey's son, Mr. W. J. Doxey, who has become quite an adept at window-dressing, and the windows always attract great crowds of people, for are not such exhibitions really educational? It is through the energy and determination of Mr. Doxey that the publication of books has been made possible in San Francisco. The difficulties which he encountered at first would have disheartened a less energetic man; although he knocked many times and



A NOVEL SIGNBOARD WHICH DANGLES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

often at the door of the Eastern literary circles, he received no response. But, as all success lies in persistency, so did Mr. Doxey's. Not until the publication of the *Lark* in May 1895 were his efforts recognised.

It never struck me until I had occasion to pass through Savile Row the other day how man has hidden away his tailor, as if slightly ashamed of the art of dressing, however necessary it be. Milliners, on the other hand, occupy the best shops in the best streets, and at this season their windows are an extraordinary attraction. But it is not thus in Savile Row, which hides itself in the heart of art and letters—

You scoff at frills, you flout at flounce  
And every bonnet-maker's shop,  
Yet scarce a critic cares to trounce  
The vagrant follies of the fop.  
His Mecca lies beyond the eyes  
Of corners where the 'buses stop,  
For every beau, as all must know,  
Equips  
At "Snips,"  
In Savile Row.

It lies behind a realm of mind,  
Beyond the quaint old Bodley Head,  
Where all our Sapphic womankind  
Has sighed and sung on reams outspread.  
And near at hand the Arts expand  
On walls of terra-cotta red,  
But every beau is wont to go  
For clo'es  
And hose  
To Savile Row.

No windows dressed for those who stare  
Attract the careless passing eye—  
You needs must mount an awkward stair  
(But all who do are wont to buy).  
There's all the styles, and tweeds in piles;  
You'll find the latest sort of tie;  
For every beau, both fast and slow,  
Looks best  
When drest  
By Savile Row.

You know Britannia rules the waves,  
Like Captain Noah in the Ark,  
And Britain also clothes the brave  
That shed their lustre on the Park.  
Let every lass through Bond Street pass,  
Or steer to Paris in her barque.  
Yet every beau must go, I trow,  
For hats  
(And spats)  
To Savile Row.

The average magazine run by schoolboys or students is more remarkable for impudence than wit, but now and again one who lives outside the charmed circle of the school or college may be amused. I have before me the *Royal College of Science Magazine*, the journal of the Royal School of Mines, and in an unsigned article on "Boarding-House Geometry" I find food for quotation, if not for reflection. Among the Definitions and Axioms I note the following—

The landlady of a boarding-house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong angular figure which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.

A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

Clearly the writer is a man of many and sad experiences. His series of Postulates and Propositions is not less tinged with pessimism. Here are a few examples—

The landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A pie may be produced any number of times.

The clothes of a boarding-house bed, though produced ever so far both ways, will not meet.

Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than two square meals.

On the same bill, and on the same side of it, there should not be two charges for the same thing.

Finally, I quote a proposition very simply worked out—

If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be also equal, each to each. For if not, let one bill be the greater.

Then the other bill is less than it might have been—which is absurd.

I cannot help thinking that the writer's principles of Boarding-House Geometry are unduly unkind to the landlady, who undoubtedly has a moderate right to live.

The clock recently erected at the offices of the *Morning Post*, at the corner of Wellington Street and the Strand, marks a new departure in the lighting of large clocks. The clock consists of two six-foot dials placed at an angle of forty degrees the one to the other, supported by elegant frame-work and brackets in wrought-iron. The drum which encloses the dials and dial-motion work is provided with a sliding-door at the back, access to which is obtained by a gallery running from one of the windows to the wrought-iron frame-work, a portion of which is arranged to open in the form of a gate. The whole of the dial is opaque, with the exception of the letters forming the words "Morning Post," which take the place of the ordinary numerals. The letters, being of opal glass, form a strong contrast with the black dial, and are rendered visible a long distance by day. At night they are brilliantly illuminated from the inside by means of incandescent electric lamps. The hands are also of opal glass, and are illuminated by night in the same manner as the letters, by incandescent lamps inside them extending along their full length, the electric current being conveyed to them by means of specially designed mechanism.

This illuminating of the letters and hands instead of the whole dial, as is the usual practice, enables the time to be read from a very much greater distance than with the old method. The clock is fixed to the face of the building at the second-floor level; the length of the wrought-iron work from top to bottom is 19 ft., and it projects 10 ft. 6 in. over



THIS CLOCK IS LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY, SO THAT YOU MAY SEE IT IN DARKNESS.

Photo by Bulbeck, Strand.

the pavement. The weight of the whole outside structure, which does not include the movement, weight, and pendulum, is nearly two tons. The order for this clock was entrusted to E. L. Berry Harrison and Co., Electrical Engineers, Lyric Chambers, Whitecomb Street, W.C.



Major-General Sir Henry Rundle, K.C.B., who succeeds Sir William Butler in the command of the South-Eastern District, is an old "Gunner," and yet one of the youngest Generals in the service. He is in his forty-third year, and joined the Royal Artillery in 1876, so that his promotion has been anything but slow. He served in the Zulu War of 1879 with Sir Evelyn Wood's Flying Column, and for his services at Ulundi received a "mention." In the Boer War of 1881 he was wounded at Potchefstroom, and the next year saw him at Tel-el-Kebir. Two years later he was with the Nile Expedition on special service with the Bedouin tribes ("mentioned"), and in 1885-7 he was with the Soudan Frontier Field Force at Giniss, and commanded the Mounted Corps at Sarras (again "mentioned"). In 1889 he received yet another "mention" for Toski, and in 1891 he was at the capture of Tokar. In the Dongola and Khartoum expeditions he was Chief of the Staff. He was specially promoted to Major-General for his services with the Dongola expedition.

While a great deal of notice was taken of the recent small increase in the Army, but little has been attracted by the important innovations just introduced by the War Office with regard to the Militia. One of these is that officers who have completed eight years' service with the Regulars may be permitted to retire on appointment to the Militia, thus rendering the latter body far more efficient. The second is of even greater importance, for it is estimated that it will give us some hundred thousand additional efficient soldiers for foreign service in time of war. A Special Service section composed of two classes is established. Class A will consist of men who engage to serve abroad with the Regulars in time of war, while Class B will be formed of those who engage to serve abroad with their battalion. In the latter case, seventy-five per cent. of the officers and men must volunteer for service abroad before a regiment becomes eligible, and the men must come up to the usual physical requirements. It is anticipated that the great majority would volunteer, and the average physique is beyond question. Practically, this leaves to the Volunteers the duty of guarding our shores in war-time.

A correspondent of the *Army and Navy Gazette* complains bitterly of the "absurd fuss" which has lately been made about the Highland regiments that took part in the Soudan campaign, and says that had it been a kilted corps which doubled to relieve MacDonald's brigade, instead of the Lincolns, the papers would have had "Highlanders to the rescue." As it was an English corps, it was "never even mentioned." He says the Sirdar told Sir Francis Grenfell that the Lincolns were the finest regiment under his command in the Soudan, and Sir Francis told them so on parade. The Warwicks, too, were a "capital lot," and the Northumberland Fusiliers a splendid regiment, with the biggest men he ever saw, except in the Guards, "and yet none of them were mentioned." The correspondent's irritation leads him astray when he concludes, "The fact is that two-thirds of the Highlanders are Irishmen." He is, too, mistaken as to the services of the English regiments receiving no mention. Still, there is no doubt that the picturesque dress of the "Jocks" has a good deal to do with the matter, and until the War Office adopts the suggestion of the Czar Alexander II. of Russia—when he saw the Forty-second—and puts the whole British Army in kilts, it is hard to see how things can be remedied. At any rate, Tommy's uniform might be made a little more attractive.

The 1st Battalion of the Gordons—the heroes of Dargai—have not been detained long in Egypt, for they left Alexandria on Nov. 26 by the

*Menes* for Liverpool. They are due to-day, and will proceed at once to Edinburgh, where, no doubt, a warm welcome awaits them.

The 1st Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment has just returned to England, after a tour of foreign service of nearly eighteen years' duration. The Royal Berks last came home in 1875, when they were stationed at Portsmouth, where they now are. In 1881 they again left England, and on March 22, 1885, at the Battle of El Tofrek, they behaved most gallantly. Their present commanding officer, Colonel Collings, was with the regiment when it came home in 1875. Another battalion—the 2nd Manchester—is now about due. It left in March 1881, and has had no less than five Colonels during its absence. Only three of the officers who left England with the regiment remain, and not one non-commissioned officer or private.

The commotion which appears to have been created during Divine Service a few evenings since at the Congregational Church at Buckingham by the presence of a number of mice, which ran helter-skelter all over

the pews, is not the first instance by any means in which Nature, and more particularly the tiny rodent in question, has obtruded herself into public places. Not very many sessions ago, when the Parliamentary mountain was in labour over a more than usually complex question, it, literally speaking, brought forth the proverbial mouse, which, having ventured into the Chamber to listen to a speech by the Member for Kilkenny, was suddenly seen to scamper across the floor of the House when Mr. Patrick O'Brien resumed his seat! Several times did Mr. Samuel Hoare endeavour to arrest the progress of the little visitor by means of his hat, but without success, and even to the Serjeant-at-Arms was denied the satisfaction of conducting the bold intruder to the Tower beneath the Clock. A year or two ago, during a listless debate on the Irish Land Question, an entomological visitor, in the person of a fine Yellow Underwing Moth, made its appearance late one evening in the Legislative Chamber, where for a long time it roamed about at will.



THE AGED OMAR KHAYYAM—AS HE GAZES DOWN ON THE GO-AHEAD CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO FROM A BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

To be a Knight of the Legion of Honour is not quite such a barren honour as some people suppose. The cross of the lowest grade, that of "Chevalier," carries with it a pension for life of £10 annually. An "Officier," the grade above, receives £20 annually, a "Commandeur" £40, a "Grand Officier" £80, and a "Grand-Croix" £120. At the present time there are altogether 30,305 members of the Legion, of whom by far the largest proportion, 25,322, are simple "Chevaliers." The "Grands Croix" number only 35, and the "Grands Officiers" 172. The institution altogether costs the French nation for pensions close upon ten million francs—nearly £400,000. The yearly *douceur* the cross brings to its possessor may not be of much account to the rich manufacturer or the successful dramatic author, but it represents quite an appreciable part of the meagre income of the University Professor, provincial Judge, or retired officer, all of whom have to "keep up appearances" on resources which would be deemed insufficient by many a curate. Were it not for the annual payment, there can be no doubt that hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of the Legionaries would have imitated the noble example set them by M. de Pressensé, and sent in their resignations. The vociferous applause with which the Sorbonne responds every time a Professor makes the slightest allusion to the systematic stifling of the truth that has been going on in France lately is a good indication where the sympathies of the intelligent portion of the nation lie.



But for the Duke of Cambridge's prior claim, Lord Kitchener would have dined with the Savages on Nov. 26. There was, however, no lack of distinguished people present at the dinner. General Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord Acton, Lord Reay, Lord Edward Cecil, Lord Monkswell, Professor York Powell, and Sir E. T. Thackeray, V.C., sat at the high



THE SIRDAR AS PICTURED BY MR. RAVEN HILL.

table and listened to the excellent entertainment provided by members. Mr. G. A. Henty, himself an old soldier who served in the Crimea and has since fought many a battle over again for the benefit of his innumerable readers, made a capital chairman. Another old soldier, Sir Evelyn Wood, made a racy speech, in which he referred to a former native servant of his who had twenty-two sons "of his own body begotten," all of whom were between twenty-one and twenty-three years of age. At about eleven there was an adjournment to the Club-house, and at 11.45, just when a recitation was in progress, a cab was heard to rattle up to the door, and the next moment the word was passed up—"The Sirdar." When Lord Kitchener, preceded by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. H. Denny, was seen entering the room, the Savages rose to their feet, and, as he made his way, bowing and smiling, to his seat, they cheered him to the echo, and then made the trophies rattle on the walls to the tune of "He's a jolly good fellow," which was finished up with a deafening "Three times three." The entertainment was then resumed, no one appearing to enjoy it more than Lord Kitchener himself.

The first production which Thackeray wrote and illustrated was a little farce called "King Glumpus," which he privately printed in 1837. Mr. Bertram Dobell, the biographer of James Thomson, is offering the original for a large sum. Meanwhile, Mr. W. T. Spencer, the bookseller of New Oxford Street, has reprinted a hundred copies of the skit in facsimile. It is certainly very amusing, and the sketch of Lady Popkins, one of the Maids-of-Honour to the Queen of Glumpus, who was King of (Candy) Sugar, shows how early Thackeray displayed his cunning.

Where do the Paris journalists, who surpass all the world in literary style, get their distorted knowledge of facts outside of France? We will not, at any rate, do the Sorbonne the injury to suppose that they have studied their ethnology there. England, from the gallery they have made of us, should be a sixpenny museum of freaks; but that is an old story, and, besides, we are modest, we have freaks among us, and what is worth attention is that other people are taking their place in the gallery as well. A serial is running in the *Figaro* that gives a picture of a Yankee milliardaire which will certainly surprise the Americans. Everybody knows that these enormously rich Smiths and Joneses are sober in their habits, will go to business on a tram-car, and divide a shilling lunch with the office-boy; that, issued from Puritan families, they spend their later days and their money in an effort to regain any moral ground they may have lost by founding colleges and building churches. The *Figaro's* Chicago merchant, on the contrary, is half-Mulatto and half-Spanish, eats like an ogre, and is constantly drunk. He is installed in a fabulous house at Paris with his daughter, who wears a Greek peplum; and here they are served by innumerable white, Mulatto, and black servants in liveries of gorgeous red and gold. He intrigues with a spy of the Triplice, and buys the harem of an Egyptian Prince! The love-affairs of the daughter with the Prince are based on a fact well known in Paris—to wit, that the brother and possible heir of the Khedive wants to marry the granddaughter of Mr. Wanamaker, the Philadelphia millionaire, whom he met in Paris last year. This, then, is Mr. Wanamaker's portrait. Poor Mr. Wanamaker, who heads a moral reform party in politics, and teaches a Sunday-school! It is safe to say that no part of his millions will go to pay for this specimen of Paris art.

But this is not all; the New Zealanders had their turn last week. A writer on the same journal, in telling that a certain man has gone to

New Zealand to study conditions relating to the co-education of the sexes, gravely says that, whereas in France society is not primitive enough for this sort of thing, it may work in New Zealand, for there man approaches more nearly to the monkey kind! This writer, knows nothing, absolutely nothing, of the metamorphosis of New Zealand; but he can make the most delicious periods in the world. I wish I had his secret.

In view of the crisis in France, I wonder if any ingenious juggler will be able to manipulate dates as did a prophet of many years ago, who told his fellow-countrymen that—"in 1848 you will see France divided, the Monarchy erased, religion turned upside down, and rebellion at the four corners." He arrived at this conclusion by adding to the year of his ascending the throne (1830) the figures constituting the dates of the birth of Louis Philippe and his wife, and the date of their marriage, thus—

Ascended the throne 1830	Ascended the throne 1830	Ascended the throne 1830
He was born 1773	His wife was born 1782	They were married 1809
1	1	1
7	7	8
7	8	0
3	2	9
1848	1848	1848

Similarly France was warned that Louis Napoleon would be dethroned in 1869—

Ascended the throne 1852	Ascended the throne 1852	Ascended the throne 1852
He was born 1808	His wife was born 1808	They were married 1853
1	1	1
8	8	8
0	0	5
8	8	3
1869	1869	1869

The bestowal upon President Faure by the Spanish Government of the Order of the Golden Fleece shows how a Republic of the present may be linked to the great Duchies and Kingdoms of centuries ago. Everyone is aware of the Order's creation in 1429, on his marriage, by Philip the Good of Burgundy, and of its passage, together with the Dukedom of Burgundy, to the house of Austria when Mary of Burgundy wedded Maximilian. Hence it was that the headship of this famous Order (Supreme Head, not Grand Master) became an appanage of the Austrian rulers of Spain. Some historians have ridiculed the legend that the Order was founded in memory of the Golden Fleece won by Jason, or even of the story of Gideon, although the latter's deeds were depicted woven in cloth of gold and silver on the royal furniture at



Reproduced from Mr. Spencer's Reprint of Thackeray's rare farce, "King Glumpus."

Brussels. Motley regards it as symbolical of the woollen industries of the country, as though the Agnus Dei did not figure on many a manuscript bound in monastic libraries.

In return for another good work of his, the promotion of the new Franco-Italian Commercial Treaty, M. Faure has received from King Humbert the Collar of the Annunciatina. This constitutes



membership of the Order of Santa Maria dell' Annunciata, which was founded in 1360 by Amadeo V., Count of Savoy, in commemoration of his grandfather, Amadeo IV., who successfully defended the island of Rhodes against the Grand Turk. There were at first but fifteen members (symbolical of the fifteen mysteries of the Virgin), and at Pietra, in the Breseian territory, was built a stately edifice to be the Chapel of the Order, where fifteen chaplains of the Carthusians were to celebrate daily fifteen Masses. A later Amadeo, in 1409, drew up statutes for the governance of the Order. Each member was to wear the Collar continuously, and, as was the case with the Golden Fleece, was debarred from entering any other Order. It should be noted that the title "Santa Maria dell' Annunciata" was not stated positively at the foundation. The Collar of the earliest Knights bore the scroll "F. E. R. T." (*Fortitudo Eius Rodum Tenuit*).

M. Pierre-Paul Cambon, the new incumbent of the French Embassy at Albert Gate, is a man of singular intellectual capacity, but with no great experience of the more important Embassies of Europe. He is the late Ambassador of the French Republic to the Sublime Porte, and in that position M. Cambon has gained an intimate familiarity with the many phases of the Egyptian Question. He was born in 1843, and educated for the law, but for many years he assisted in the administration of the Departments, and became Prefect of the Nord in 1877. His first diplomatic essay was as Second-Class Minister-Plenipotentiary to Tunis in 1882, where he won great success as the French Resident. He was elevated to the position of Ambassador to the Court of Madrid in 1886, and quitted that post for Constantinople in 1891. He is a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour—the most distinguished decoration at the bestowal of the President—as well as an influential member of the Institute. In appearance, M. Paul Cambon is exceedingly slight in



MR. DARBY FELL FROM A BALLOON.

Photo by Weston, Newgate Street, E.C.

figure, with an air of such serious dignity as to be almost pompous, and, through his taste for the more improving pastimes, he does not share that of Baron de Courcel for the violent athletics of the Anglo-Saxon. He speaks no English, and in the study of our manners and customs he will find in England one of those problems so eminently adapted to his studious nature. In Paris he is the friend of Coquelin, a patron of the drama, and an enthusiastic advocate of the better elements of Art. His brother, M. Jules-Martin Cambon, has been the French Ambassador to the United States since 1897. M. Martin Cambon was also Governor-General of Algeria.

The French Government intends to spend £12,000 in refurbishing up the Palace of Versailles sufficiently to make it

presentable for the Great Exhibition of the year after next. Seeing, however, that the place has been going to rack and ruin ever since the fall of the Empire, Paris is not likely to see much for the money. Louis Philippe, who dedicated it "To all the glories of France," spent more than half-a-million sterling upon restoring this gorgeous palace to what it was before the Revolution, and nearly as much upon providing pictures and furniture. It is a thousand pities that a building so closely associated with one of the most brilliant epochs of French history, the reign of Louis XIV., should have been so sadly neglected. I fancy, however, the French have never been able to forget that it was in the Salle des Glaces at Versailles in January 1871 that William I. was proclaimed German Emperor.

The attempt of the *Evening News* to reach Paris in a balloon was not happy. The arrangements for this were completed quite three months ago. Mr. Arthur Williams, the aeronaut, was to command the expedition, and he was to be accompanied by Mr. Alfred Brewer and a correspondent of the *Evening News* under 9 st. in weight. The right man was found among the editorial staff in the person of Mr. Sidney E. Darby, who turns the scales at 8 st 7 lb. All that was wanted was a north-west wind; but for three months the expedition had to wait for that. A start was made from Stamford Bridge on Nov. 22. The balloon quickly rose to an altitude of six thousand feet, and crossed the Thames near Wandsworth. After an hour's progress the balloon descended rapidly, coming so low that it smashed through the branches of two elm-trees before the drop could be checked. It, however, rose again, but this was only for a brief time, and when near Shoreham it was clear that there was not sufficient gas remaining to justify any attempt to proceed to sea, where a gale was blowing. The aeronaut chose the safer alternative of discontinuing the voyage and reaching the ground by coming hand-over-hand down the drag-rope. It was an exciting experience, for he was dragged by the balloon through some hedges and compelled to release his hold of the rope. Mr. Darby was less fortunate. While he was

descending by the rope, the balloon rose thirty or forty feet, and, fearing that he might be carried over the coast and to sea in this perilous position, he released his hold and fell. As was to be expected, Mr. Darby sustained rather serious injuries.

Madame Lydia von Finkelstein Mountford is a native of Jerusalem who gives "Dramatic and Vocal Impersonations of Biblical Orientalisms,"



MADAME MOUNTFORD IMPERSONATES PALESTINE.

Photo by Krikorian, Jerusalem.

assisted by a number of ladies, gentlemen, and children, with genuine Oriental accessories and costumes. She depicts life in Palestine in a series of Living Pictures. The people of Palestine live, move, and have their being in the presence of the audience. She has presented her entertainments not only in the United States and this country, but also in Australia and India.

Last week I said that Mr. and Mrs. Harold Baring, who arrived in London on the 23rd ult, were staying at the Hotel Cecil. As a matter of fact, they have been staying at the Berkeley since their arrival in London.

It is curious, in these days of sensational journalism, that the heroic behaviour of two little Irish maidens has been so quietly passed over, and that, in spite of a strong recommenda-

tion to the Royal Humane Society, no recognition has, so far, been made of their conduct. To plunge into the River Shannon and rescue a suicide, and, on his breaking away from them, for one to follow him again into the water while the other ran for help, is surely bravery of a high order, and yet Katie and Sarah Reddy, of Shannon Bridge, are but eleven and ten years old, quiet, intelligent children, who do not seem to think they have done anything wonderful. Since their recovery from the shock and chill they sustained, they have told me the story, which I repeat here in their own words—

One day last October, old Cornelius M'Gaun, who had worked for our father for fifteen years, found a purse full of bank-notes; he was so ignorant he could not count them, and, after keeping quiet about it for several days, he went to a neighbour, who examined the notes and told him they amounted to £46. He got very excited, and began to drink, and then next day he had only £35. In the meantime, the owner of the purse had told the police of his loss, and our father, hearing a rumour that M'Gaun had a lot of money in his possession, brought him before the parish priest, who made him give up what was left, and the next day the police brought him and his friends before the Magistrate to account for the rest of the money, and he was remanded to come up next Court-day. He seemed very queer and eccentric, and on Court-day he disappeared. We went to look for him in the meadows at the back of our house, which run right down to the Shannon, and, as we looked over a small hedge, we saw him sitting on the bank. The moment he saw us he jumped into the river, and we ran fast and jumped in too and pulled him out, and kept him on the bank for some time; but as he struggled, we thought it was better for Sarah to go for help, and that I (Katie) would try to hold him; but he was too strong, and got away from me, and jumped into the water. I followed him till it was over my shoulders, but I could not hold him, and then he went out deeper and sank several times, and just as the police and other people came he had disappeared, and I was climbing up on the bank. We were not much frightened, but we were so sorry for the old man, for we guessed by that time that he had gone crazy, and at the inquest, after they found his body, everyone said it was the finding the money and then having to give it up that had turned his brain. This is all we can tell you about it.

Surely such pluck deserves recognition!



THESE LITTLE IRISH SISTERS TRIED TO SAVE A SUICIDE.

Photo by Manning, Ballinasloe.



An interesting event has just taken place at Penryn, Cornwall, in the removal to the Kew Gardens of a collection of Indian rhododendrons, magnanimously presented to the Gardens by Mr. D. Henry Shilson from his Tremough estate. There has lately been built at Kew a new wing to one of the houses. This, I understand, is to be principally occupied by



A RHODODENDRON BEING CARTED FROM CORNWALL TO KEW.

rhododendrons, and the plants in question are a contingent towards furnishing the same. Some idea of the size may be imagined when I state that several of the plants required a separate railway-truck each, and were nearly two tons in weight. Mr. Watson (assistant curator at Kew) has been at Tremough during the past week, and, assisted by Mr. Gill, with a large staff of men, has successfully carried out their removal. Tremough has long been famous for its fine collection of Himalayan rhododendrons, climate and soil being admirably adapted to their requirements. The late Mr. Shilson, father of the present owner, was one of the first to take up the cultivation of these now well-known plants in England, having received seed from Sir William Hooker. Among the plants now gone to Kew is a seedling of Mr. Shilson's own raising, and named "Shilsonii" after him, which is one of the best rhododendrons ever raised. The photographs were taken through the courtesy of Mr. Gill.

How South Africa moves! for Grahamstown is to open an exhibition to-morrow week. South Africa is a market of great and increasing importance for European and American manufactures, as the produce of the country is chiefly confined to raw materials—wool, mohair, feathers, diamonds, and gold. Of late great efforts have been made by German and American manufacturers to secure the market, and it can perhaps hardly be said that British makers have been equally active in meeting the competition thus created. As regards exhibits, the coming collection at Grahamstown will chiefly consist of imported goods, and the exposition will be valuable in demonstrating to South African consumers the advances which manufacturers have made during the past few years. Through the courtesy and co-operation of Sir Edward Poynter,

Premier, Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Governments of other Colonies and of foreign States have also been interested in the undertaking.

Grahamstown is the centre of the settlement of 1820, that immigration of English settlers under Government auspices which has had the most important results in promoting the improvement of South Africa and the extension of British rule into the far interior. It is the headquarters of an Anglican and of a Roman Catholic Bishop, and the seat of the Eastern Districts Court, a branch of the Supreme Court, to which three Judges are allocated. The city is the centre of culture and education, and, from its many flourishing colleges and schools, has acquired the name of the Athens of South Africa. It is beautifully situated amid gardens and fir-groves, and as it is at a level of eighteen hundred feet above the Indian Ocean, and but thirty-six miles distant therefrom, it enjoys the sea-breeze without the depressing influences which reign on the coast-lands of South Africa. It is consequently very healthy, and highly suitable as a resort for visitors in delicate health wishing to avoid the English winter. The Exhibition is the largest that has ever been held in South Africa, the superficial area of the buildings (which have been specially erected for the purpose) being about forty thousand feet, and the gardens and pleasure-grounds about forty-five thousand square yards in extent.

There are two Mr. Murray Smiths known to fame. One of them is the son of Mr. George Smith, of Smith and Elder, and is a partner in his father's publishing business. His wife is a daughter of the Dean of Westminster. As Miss Bradley she wrote interestingly about the Abbey; as Mrs. Murray Smith she has also written literary articles. The other Mr. Murray Smith is the editor of the *Glasgow Evening News*, a journal he conducts with very great ability.

The smallest watch in the world has until quite lately been in the possession of a Berlin watchmaker. This remarkable watch was,



THE GRAHAMSTOWN EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

Photo by J. Locke, Grahamstown.

however, not "made in Germany," but in Geneva. Its outer case is about the size of a fourpenny-piece, and its separate parts, of which there are ninety-five, weigh in all about fifteen grains. The minute-hand is only one-tenth of an inch in length, and the hour-hand but half that size. Its regulator makes 18,152 vibrations in an hour. The tiniest of keys winds it, and it then goes for twenty-eight hours. This little gem is valued at £250, which, considering the immense amount of theoretical knowledge and exquisite workmanship required for its manufacture, is not an exorbitant price.

The open-air "staging" of a scene from the Australian drama, "Robbery under Arms," has caused some amusement. Alfred Dampier and his dramatic company were playing at Broken Hill—where the silver comes from—in far-off New South Wales. They were picnicking, and, to give zest to the outing, it was arranged that some of the picnickers should travel in a mail-coach in their stage-attire, whilst others would once again fill the rôles of bushrangers and troopers. The affair had a climax. Some practical jokers, without time to join in the picnic, won over several of the real police to their aid, and, explaining the intentions of the theatrical folk and their friends, sent out the genuine troopers from the city to arrest the players, on the pretence that they were mistaken for the perfect article. Expostulations notwithstanding, several of the ringleaders were taken into custody, and for a long time the police professed (with difficulty keeping the dexter-eyelid up) to think that they had made a brilliant capture.

A curious and delightful bird-story comes from Belgium. Two storks succeeded in building their nest in a village letter-box. The mother stork laid her eggs in the middle of the letters, and proceeded to hatch them in a spirit of devoted patience and vigilance, never stirring even when discovered by the postman who came to take the letters. By-and-by twelve little storks greeted the friendly postman with open beaks and clamant sounds. The charming family was allowed to remain in the home of its choice, being placed under the protection of the postmaster and the curé of the village.



RHODODENDRONS ON TRUCKS BOUND FOR LONDON TOWN.

Lord and Lady Loch, and Sir David Tennant, Agent-General for the Cape Colony in London, a large and valuable exhibition of loan paintings and other art objects has been arranged for. It may be added that the Cape Government has made liberal grants to the Exhibition, and helped in many other ways, while, through the kindness of the



When Tommy goes abroad he does not go without his children. On this page I give portraits from the two Services. Let me begin with the Daughter of the (Berkshire) Regiment. She is Miss Barwood, daughter of Mr. A. V. Barwood, bandmaster of the 1st Royal Berkshire Regiment, which has just got home from Barbadoes. The picture represents the little lady at the Park Gates of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The other picture shows the seven-months'-old son of Fleet-Engineer Langmaid, of the Dockyard, Esquimalt, Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

For years there has been an outcry against the price and quality of the average theatre-programme. It has been treated with humour, scorn, justice, or injustice, according to the mood of the writer, but, stronger than logic, more relentless than income-tax, and certain as quarter-day, it has turned up, smiling, at the price of sixpence. During the past few months there has been a decided change, not in price, but in quality. Last week I looked carefully at my programme between the turns at the Alhambra. The first page held two illustrations of the house, the second a list of prospective arrangements, the third and fourth held advertisements, the sixth was given to a list of sporting fixtures, including racing, boxing, billiards, football, cross-country running, hockey, cycling, yachting, and pigeon-shooting. Another page of advertisements was followed by a Phil May sketch, entitled "A Reminiscence of the Pelican Club." The evening's programme took up the next two pages, and, after some more advertisements, came a Diary of the Week. Yet more advertisements, and a list of cab-fares from the theatre to most outlying districts, brought me to the booklet's last page. I felt that such a programme was well worth sixpence, and I learn that the management is going to improve it still further, and even give the late evening's news, printed just before the house opens. This is enterprise, and deserves applause. Hereafter managers will have to choose between abolishing fees or giving the public something for its sixpence. Either alternative is rather unpleasant in their sight, unless I am much mistaken.

At the Crystal Palace the Christmas holiday attractions will not be limited to Herr Wulff's great Circus. There will be a children's pantomime in the Opera Theatre every afternoon, between the first and second performances in the circus. A long array of talent has been secured for the "Santa Claus" pantomime, and the artists already engaged include those eminent Lilliputians, Count and Countess Magri, Baron Ernest Magri, Captain George Laible, and Annie Nelson. The pantomimists include Giovanni Pratesi, Amedeo Santini, Luisa Fleury, and last, but by no means least, Adelina Rossi, whose name in connection with the lovely "Excelsior" ballet is still gratefully remembered by lovers of dancing. It is a pity that Marengo's delightful work is not seen in London. At the Palais des Beaux Arts in Monte Carlo, where I last saw it performed, an enthusiastic audience was willing to overlook the fact that the *corps de ballet* numbered no more than sixteen dancers, and that most of these ladies were in "the sere, the yellow leaf." The music and the dancing of the première atoned for all things. Returning

for a moment to entertainment at the Crystal Palace, Paderewski's appearance on Saturday next (Dec. 10) will afford concert-goers their sole chance of hearing the great Polish pianist in London this season.

I am not always ready to listen to the outcry made by well-meaning gentlemen who call themselves humanitarians, for I think they are inclined at times to make up in emphasis for what they lack in logic. At the same time, I will confess that numbers two and four of their "Humane Diet and Dress Leaflets" have stirred my feelings deeply. The story of the cramming of Strasburg geese, if generally known and verified, would make most people content to forego *pâté de foie gras* for the rest of their lives. Bad as this story is, it pales before the accounts of the seal-slaughter in the Alaskan fishery districts. The details are almost too revolting for publication, and are authenticated by such unbiassed witnesses as Captain Borchgrevink, Dr. Gordon Stables, and Professor Gambier Bolton. Skinning the unfortunate seals alive and pitching the tortured carcasses into the sea is by no means the greatest of the horrors. It may be said that seal-skins are demanded and must be supplied, and that sentiment must not interfere with business. At the same time, in the name of humanity, let the slaughtering be supervised, and let the nameless crimes at present committed be put an end to once and for all time. The leaflet to which I refer says that the disappearance of the seals is only a question of time. That the Paris Treaty was a failure is shown by the record of six hundred thousand seals taken in the month of August 1896 by the pelagic sealers in the North Pacific and Behring Sea.

In the present critical condition of relations between Downing Street and Pretoria, particular interest attaches to the article on "Paul Kruger and Krugerism" in the

December issue of the *New Century Review*. The author, Mr. Douglas Story, at present Acting-Editor of the *Sunday Special*, was formerly Editor of the *Standard and Diggers' News*, not the weekly organ of the Transvaal Government in London, but the daily paper published by the same proprietary in Johannesburg. Mr. Story has an intimate knowledge of the leading politicians and wire-pullers, and, considering the obvious incitement to be a special pleader rather than an impartial critic, writes in mood remarkably free from bias. He sums up Paul Kruger's difficulties in pointing out how the man who for sixty years had been engaged in a struggle to isolate his race and to preserve undisturbed the pastoral simplicity of their existence, was called upon in his old age to legislate for those "who scorned his principles and despised his scheme of government." The article is a valuable contribution to the much-needed enlightenment of the situation, and nowhere suggests the partisan. "Were Paul Kruger immortal," says Mr. Story, "Krugerism might be a permanent policy, but Cecil Rhodes has the advantages of youth and financial strength." From this we may presume that a crisis will follow the death of Oom Paul, but let us remember that the Transvaal is not the only country whose people must dread the day when their ruler pays Nature's debt. Think of what hangs upon the life of the old Emperor Francis Joseph!



A DAUGHTER OF THE (BERKSHIRE) REGIMENT.

Photo by Gaudin and Gentzel, Halifax, Nova Scotia.



DOUBT: "IS IT MY MAMMA?"



CERTAINTY: "IT IS!"



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## MR. HIND'S NOVEL OF FANTASY.\*

Mr. Lewis Hind has for a few years been known as a student of letters equipped with a shrewd judgment and a sympathy with popular taste in books. Naturally, therefore, when it was announced that he was about to publish a novel, there was some curiosity as to whether he had gifts of creation equal to his talents in criticism. I think he has. The novel is excellent. As the first essential in a novel is novelty, that judgment may be stated with assurance. Mr. Hind does not harp on any strings that are familiar. He contrives to do without that which, as if it were a consignment of goods from Sheffield, is called "love interest." Indeed, the materials with which he deals are materials which one cannot, in cool moments, believe real. Nevertheless, his novel holds us in rapt attention. That is a high tribute to the writer's skill. He asks us to believe that in India there was an enchanted stone: a stone which, normally black, became red and hot and moved when the sun-rays fell upon it. He asks us to believe, also, that a Prince of India brought this stone as a gift to our Empress in Buckingham Palace, and that a Yellow Man, custodian of the jewel, which was regarded by the people of the Orient as being destined to play an important part in the Revelation that was to come in the West, recovered it under the very noses of the guard. All that is incredible; yet we neither go to sleep nor cast the book aside in favour of the late evening journal which may contain a new rumour about the approaching war. Mr. Hind is a deft artist. It is only when our reading is finished that we perceive the opening chapter to have succeeded by sleight of pen. Our interest in the book after the first chapter has been genuinely human, and it has been very keen.

All the persons who figure in the romance are vividly realised. They will, I think, remain in one's memory just as Barbara Grant, Dagal Dalgetty, Willoughby Patterne, and other notabilities in fiction do. Mr. Hind's characters are not in themselves like any of these, or like any that could be named; but they share with them the quality of permanence. There is the Little Mother, for example, an American lady who had inherited from her husband vast wealth. She was of the neurotic and fussy disposition that at this moment, for want of an excitement more degrading, would have led headlong into Christian science. She had adopted and dropped all the modes of theology and all the philosophies, one by one. Chancing to meet the Yellow Man, she took up his view of the universe; believed that a certain Peninsula in Cornwall was the destined theatre of the Revelation; and, at enormous expense, built a Sun Temple to receive the glad tidings of new joy. She drooped and died just before the midsummer morning on which the Revelation was due; and she died in a mood of Atheism. In the pages of an ordinary craftsman, the Little Mother would have been the butt of coarse and ineffectual humour. In Mr. Hind's she is attractive and impressive. His is one of the rare intelligences which, perceiving in human frailty something to love as well as much to flout, can be illuminatingly satirical without using a word of sarcasm. In as far as we wish that fiction should amuse us, he succeeds supremely. His comedy is ripe, clear, perfect: because unmistakable in the woof of it there is the pathos of which humour is only an aspect. Antonio Babb, the architect of the Sun Temple, is as brilliant an achievement as the Little Mother herself. Vain and selfish to a degree, he yet acquires and retains our sympathy while ministering to our merriment. He was mad also, mad from a grief that touches us to sorrow; and the novel-writer does not allow that to be forgotten. Had Mr. Hind wrought without patience in matters of detail, Antonio would have been either an irredeemable knave or a subject of maudlin woe. As it is, he is a man whose pleasing acquaintanceship corrects and enriches our knowledge of human nature.

In their various ways, the other characters are equally good. One is always glad when Mayfair steps upon the scene. There is sure to be bright fun then. A dare-devil wag is Mayfair. He finds so much to laugh at amid all circumstances that he is never serious for a moment. He jested merrily at himself, fainting, when the knife of the Yellow Man

had almost slain him; and, knowing that there was to be no true Revelation, he arranged a spurious one on a scale of glorious magnificence. With all his frivolity, however, Mayfair does not pass out of our memory as having been only the agreeable companion of an idle hour. His lack of reverence applied itself, mischievously, to more than the mere human affairs which came in his way. It covered all known things divine as well. Frank blasphemy was never more strikingly suggested than it is through "the comic relief" in "The Enchanted Stone." The strange thing is that it does not shock us. I believe that, if they could catch the undercurrent of meaning in Mayfair's attitude towards life and death, even the zealous Christians who laid the Sun Temple in ruins would be set thinking not unprofitably.

The delicacy of thought and feeling which animates the book finds expression in a style of remarkable accuracy. W. EARL HODGSON.

## "THE SPORTSWOMAN'S LIBRARY."\*

Interesting both as a sign of the times and as contributions to the literature of sport are these volumes, which, I gather, are the fore-runners of a complete ladies' "Badminton Library." The sports, games, and forms of exercise in which the mothers of the next generation do not take part are so few that you may count them almost on the fingers of the hand, and I think it is generally conceded that the race of Britons gains by it. Many of the articles contributed under Miss Slaughter's editorship are particularly good, being the work of women who not only know their subjects thoroughly—that, indeed, may be said of all—but who keep in view the fact that they are writing for women. There are countless books on sports and games of every kind from which technique may be learned as far as books can teach it, but the aim of such a work as this is primarily to teach woman how she can best fit herself to take part in the sport or sports she enjoys, for the physical inequality of the sexes furnishes the *raison d'être* of a library of sport for women. None of Miss Slaughter's contributors have kept this cardinal point more successfully in view than Mrs. R. M. Burn, who writes on "Fox-Hunting." A daughter of Colonel Anstruther Thomson, it goes without saying that she has learned her lesson under one of the first masters of the day, and her essay is a model of the article such a work as this should contain. One knows—oh, so well!—all those sinners to whom she addresses herself; and they are

not always women. Miss Massey Mainwaring, who writes on "Driving," and Mrs. Hills, who undertakes the Cycling chapter, are equally good; and, if the merit of other contributions is less conspicuous, it is rather because, in the sports dealt with, the rules applicable for men hold good for women.

In no case does a writer forget to say a word on dress, and the word is always pregnant with sound common-sense. The mistakes are few and insignificant: contributor and editor get a little "off the line" when dealing with the Salmon. The clean-run old male has the peculiar bony process called a beak, though it is naturally more prominent in the attenuated "spent" fish than in the plump one fresh from the sea, and the editorial note to the effect that this beak is used to rake furrows for the reception of ova on the spawning-beds had been better omitted. The most careless glance at the fish shows how baseless is the theory here put forward as fact. Admirers of proportion will complain that tarpon-fishing in America is treated at the same length as salmon-fishing, while "Trout and Other Fly-Fishing" is dismissed with undue brevity. And when one considers that, for one woman who has a chance of catching a tarpon, a dozen wield the salmon-rod and twenty the trout-rod, their objection may be held reasonable. These, however, are minor defects. The work has been well conceived and ably executed, and must be cordially recommended to the notice of "sportswomen." The illustrations are numerous and helpful.



MR. LEWIS HIND AT THE "ACADEMY" EDITORIAL DESK.

Photo by Speight, Regent Street, W.

\* "The Enchanted Stone." By Charles Lewis Hind. London: A. and C. Black.

\* "The Sportswoman's Library." Vols. I, and II. Edited by Frances Slaughter. London: A. Constable and Co.



## FEMININE FENCERS.

*From Photographs by Zander and Labisch, Berlin.*



*Fencing is the latest sport to find favour with the emancipated daughters of the Fatherland. These photographs were taken at the Berlin Fencing Club, the most famous institution of its kind in Berlin. The girls are doing a round of French "flore" before the critical eyes of the Club President and the*



*fencing-master, Herr Richter. Does this new departure bode well for the future serenity of a German household? I hope the girls will not follow the example of their fencing brothers and establish a Duelling Club.*

## A SNAKE-CATCHER IN THE NEW FOREST.

"Brusher" Mills is a well-known character in the New Forest, and a public benefactor, for he gains his living by the peculiar trade of catching snakes and adders, which infest this wild moorland; and, though the grass-snake is a harmless reptile, not so the adder, whose bite has been known to cause death. He carries about with him long, flat-pointed scissiors, which enable him to grasp them by the neck with safety. He may often be seen with his large pockets bulged out with prey, and holding in his hands the latest-caught specimens. The grass-snakes he sends to London in large numbers, to the "Zoo," as food for a king-cobra or hamadryad, and the adders he boils down to obtain their fat, with which he concocts an ointment that, according to his account, will cure a diversity of ailments, chief amongst them being their own poisonous bite. He drives a thriving trade in this article with tourists and visitors who frequent the forest-glades during the summer season. Winter has no terrors for this wild man of the woods, who prefers cold, loneliness, and freedom to the comforts of civilisation, and lives his out-of-door life, loving the companionship of birds and animals better than that of man. His wants are few, and he pays no rent; for his home is a charcoal-burner's hut that seems hardly large enough to contain him, but which during the charcoal-burning season he shares with the men who make this industry their profession. Close to the hut these charcoal-burners build their stack of wood, making a screen of hurdles and branches to keep off draughts and prevent sparks setting fire to the neighbouring trees. There is a certain art in the piling of the logs, which are lighted and smoulder undisturbed till the whole is reduced to charcoal. But "Brusher" rejoices when the men take their departure, for he hates to be saddled with uncongenial society.

He is ever ready to show an ignorant how snakes should be caught, but fond mammas may find it a dangerous amusement for the young. To a delicate boy and a kind friend I owe my visit to the New Forest, the latter inviting me to take the former to her home there for change of air. The boy soon made the acquaintanceship of "Brusher," and spent his days wandering through the woods watching this fascinating snake-catching. All too soon the hour of departure arrived, and, contrary to his custom, my boy preferred packing his own portmanteau to having it done for him, and I congratulated him on his becoming a more useful member of society. The evening of our return he entered the drawing-room with a cardboard box in his hand, which he laid on the floor, and, on opening it, out wriggled a snake and an adder. This, then, was the secret of his unusual industry in the packing line! On being questioned, he admitted having gone out alone into the forest to find these reptiles, which he had caught with his naked hands, and had brought back to let out amongst his schoolfellows. The idea of the danger of this proceeding had not, apparently, entered his head. Needless to add that the end of these unwelcome visitors was decapitation.

Nor is the New Forest devoid of other dangers. Girls love to follow the hounds on their bicycles, but after heavy rains it is a matter of some difficulty, as in many of the glades the spongy sod gives way, and the rider finds her machine embedded up to the axle, and further progress impossible. This experience induced my daughter to follow on foot. The excitement of the chase led her farther and farther from home. She passed the Queen's Bower, with its hoary oaks; then on and on she sped, heeding little time or distance, till at last she found herself in a strange country, the evening drawing in, and not a human being in sight. As she stood beneath the giant beech-trees and looked around, she realised that she was lost in the forest! No small matter when the

extent of this wild region is taken into consideration. At home, as the hours went by and she did not return, there was anxiety and alarm. A mounted groom was sent in one direction, our hostess herself drove off in another, and in the gathering dusk these emissaries scoured the country, but without success. Late at night the tired out wanderer appeared, conducted by a small Gipsy child whom she had fortunately met, and who, born and bred in the Forest, knew its every turn and twist, and proved to be a sure and safe guide.

The Crown land comprised in the New Forest is in extent about 90,000 acres, but it is not all wooded; wild moorland, heather-decked, alternates with bare-stemmed trees, or thick, impenetrable undergrowth. Some of these trees are of recent planting, and some date back to the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. It was in this forest that William Rufus met his untimely death, shot by an arrow he had himself given to Sir Walter Tyrrel with the complimentary remark that "a good sportsman deserved good weapons," little thinking that his body would be the target for this "good sportsman's good arrow." A stone, erected by Lord Delamere in 1745, marks the spot. EDITH BROUGHTON.

## THE LITERATURE OF '98.

There are some appropriately stirring and harrowing scenes in Mrs. Clarke's story of the Irish Rebellion, "Strong as Death"

(Aberdeen: Moran and Co.), but the ferocity of the time has so infected its heroes and heroine as to estrange from them our sympathies. Its most interesting hero, Harry Holmes, revenges himself on his rival by belabouring his horse in the stable with a whip till the wretched animal's body is a mass of wounds. The detested rival, Connor O'Kane, conceals the fact of his marriage with another woman from the heroine in the hope of seducing her into bigamy. This treachery is so condoned by the heroine, Letty Gregg,

that when Connor is supposed to be hanged and then decapitated, she steals his head by night, but discovers, through the touch of the dead lips as she kisses them, that they are those of the wrong man. To say the truth, this Miss Letty is too, too heroic. When her father's house is searched for arms, she fetches down from the garret the arms of a skeleton, and offers them to the officer in charge with some appropriate puns; and when this young ruffian stabs her dog, which has bitten him, she persuades him that the brute has hydrophobia, in order to have the revenge, which she thoroughly enjoys, of frizzling his leg with a red-hot poker. A little later, she completes her revenge by shooting this gentleman. Even when her mission is one of mercy—as in her efforts first to rescue and then to procure a pardon for Harry Holmes—she shows herself too much of a Maid Marian, not to say of a virago, for the mild taste of these piping times of peace. There are, however, two subordinate heroines, Ruth Holmes and Elizabeth Grey, who are not womanly only, but winning, while their sweethearts are much more sympathetic characters than Miss Letty's two lovers.

Mr. J. J. Moran's short "Stories of the Irish Rebellion" (issued by the same publishers) have the essential merit of tales of their length—that of getting at once into stride and of keeping up the pace to the post. Perhaps the most interesting are "Eily's Friend in Need" and "O'Ryan's Brigade"; the most ghastly is that of the murdered priest, "A Bullet's Billet"; and the prettiest, if, indeed, any story of that time of horror could be pretty, is "Maureen's Find." All, however, are spirited, and give a picture at once accurate and vivid of that terrible time.



"BRUSHER" MILLS, THE NEW FOREST SNAKE-CATCHER, AND HIS HUT.

Photo by E. Broughton, Bedford.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

About Christmas and snow time the publishing world is flooded, most agreeably it is true, with art in all its forms, bound in every conceivable cover, and touching every conceivable subject. Here, for a beginning, is the 1898 volume of the *Art Journal*, which contains a great deal of extremely good work. The etchings, the plate illustrations, a tinted plate and mezzotint which are given between these covers are of really great interest, and are beautifully reproduced. One knows the *Art Journal*, of course, in its letterpress; it is interesting up to a certain point, with a good deal of learning, without, perhaps, much brilliance, but always accurate, careful, and conscientious. It is sad to see, among others, the name of Gleeson White as a contributor to these pages in a charming article on the design-work of Saltaire, which, slight though it be, has, nevertheless, all the distinction and thoroughness that invariably marked his work.

Gleeson White was, as we all know, a keen collector of a thousand precious trifles, and such a book as Mr. W. G. Gulland's "Chinese Porcelain" (Chapman and Hall) reminds one faintly of his peculiar and

Plague of 1576. "Let us think of Titian," says he for a conclusion, "as the greatest painter, if not the greatest genius in art that the world has produced; as, what Vasari with such conviction described him to be, 'the man as highly favoured by fortune as any of his time had ever been before him.'"

From Titian to Burne-Jones is indeed a long step, but the new edition of Mr. Malcolm Bell's "Sir Edward Burne-Jones: a Record and Review," now published by George Bell and Sons in a cheap and handy form, forces one to make it. For this edition the letterpress, it may be noted, has been carefully revised by the author so as to bring the information up to the present date, and many new reproductions of pictures have been added in place of some few studies "which would have been less valuable on the scale necessitated by the present page." The book is, of course, extremely useful, and the present edition should command a large circulation; but it cannot be said that all the reproductions of the pictures are equally successful. Perhaps it would be unreasonable if one expected otherwise.



THE SLEEP OF EROS.—JULES MACHARD.  
Now on Exhibition at the New Gallery.

finely artistic tastes. Mr. Gulland writes with an almost philanthropic air when he declares that the aim of his "little work" is simply to try and place at the service of amateurs a handbook such as the writer felt the want of when first interested in Chinese porcelain, explaining the technical terms, and giving other information likely to be useful or interesting in connection with the subject, in as simple a way as possible." So far as that can, in our present state of knowledge, be done, Mr. Gulland has certainly done it. He has compiled a most careful and exhaustive catalogue with immense labour and thought, and has made his book more valuable still by the fine collection of reproductions which illustrate the characteristics and nationality of these beautiful and strange rarities.

From that exotic world of curious shapes and colours, of fantastic men and beasts, one takes a strange plunge by diving into the study of Titian by Mr. Claude Phillips, Keeper of the Wallace Collection (Seeley and Co.). Here in the colder and more classic achievement of the West you find greater breadth, wider thought, a more solid foothold upon life. The book is divided frankly into two parts, the first dealing with the earlier, the second with the later work of Titian, and each is complete in itself, with index and final chapter. Mr. Phillips, let it be said, writes exceedingly well. He has that touch of verbal imaginativeness which separates, by a sort of magical touch, that which is dull and lifeless in writing from that which has a glow and vitality of its own to live by. With the most loving care, Mr. Phillips traces every detail of that wonderful career of Titian through its rise, its splendid meridian, and its end, which came so swiftly and so terribly with the

From Burne-Jones take another leap backwards, and you find yourself among the National Gallery paintings of the Fourteenth Century, with the Venetian school in its origin and cradle, and with Sandro Botticelli and his school, on all of which subjects Mr. J. P. Richter has given admirable lectures in the Royal Institution, which now form a handsome little volume, entitled "Lectures on the National Gallery" (Longmans). Perhaps Mr. Richter's study of Botticelli is the most interesting of the series. Mr. Richter considers that Botticelli owes his "unique fascination" to "his power of penetrating into the innermost recesses of sensation, of expressing the most intimate human emotion." After all, what is the use of accepting a brief for an artist if you are not going to write as an enthusiast? and, be it added, Mr. Richter always writes intelligently.

M. Jules Machard's "The Sleep of Eros," reproduced herewith, is now on exhibition at the New Gallery, and proves that the artist has been able to conceive and carry out an idea of great poetical merit. The composition is elegant and charming.

Mr. Heinemann's "Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue of the Exhibition of International Art at Knightsbridge," as prepared by Carl Hentschel and Co., is as dainty and as elegant a piece of work as you would wish to see on a summer's day. Half the volume is occupied with the full list of exhibits, and the rest is filled by illustrations beautifully produced, having been first photographed by the firm mentioned above. Here are Whistlers, and Shannons, and Laverys, and Strangs, and Greiffenhagens, and a host of other very well-known French and English painters,

## MY FRIEND THE MISSIONARY.

I've not a single bad word to say against the missionary. When I was cycling through the back-yards of the world, Persia and China, he fed me and gave me lodging, and never once worried me about my soul. And there is one missionary for whom I've an unbounded reverence. He lives in far-off Central China, and has a great faith that some day he will lead many heathen Chinese into the fold. How I got to know him was strange. I had been cycling a few hundred odd miles across the anti-foreign province of Hupeh. Several days had elapsed without any excited Celestial hitting me over the head with a bamboo pole. Therefore I was in good spirits, or, at any rate, in as good spirits as a man need expect to be whose diet for some time had been uncooked fish and half-cooked rice.

I got to a town where the mob carried me before them, simply hilarious with delight at seeing a foreign devil. Had my eye been in my stomach, or had I owned two heads, there could not have been a greater hullabaloo. I could not eat my rice in peace, so I moved down to the river, jumped aboard a small junk, and addressed the multitude from the prow. Whenever a Chinaman got frolicsome and wanted also to come on board, I just hit him over the head with my tyre-inflator. That made the other Chinese laugh.

I hadn't seen a European for some time. I would as soon have expected seeing a Hyde Park policeman just then. Therefore, what was my surprise when suddenly among the crowd of pigtailed Celestials I saw advancing a white-chokered, clerical-waistcoated parson. Well, we just looked at one another, and then we shook hands; and then he looked me over from head to foot, for I was in a tattered and forlorn condition, bearded, wan, and out-at-heel. "Come up to the mission-house," he said, and I followed. "Want anything to eat?" he asked. "Rather; haven't tasted bread for a long time." "I'll get you some tea also." "Splendid!" I said; "I'd give anything for a cup of tea." At the mission-house we talked. "Do you smoke?" asked the missionary. "Do I what?" I repeated. Then he produced a box of cigars. We lit up. It was magnificent. "Now, you're something like a missionary!" I said, and he was pleased. So we sat all that afternoon and talked. The cigars were very good, and the cause of the poor heathen was much neglected. I loved that missionary.

There is a treaty port on the Yang-tze River where, if you are the guest of a man who is not a missionary, you will be invited to take a walk to "the few remaining bricks." Those few remaining bricks constitute the perennial joke of the Yang-tze Valley. A missionary at this particular port felt that the church in which worship took place was not worthy of the religion he preached. So an appeal went home to England for funds to build a church. The funds flowed in, and the building went on. In the missionary's report home on his labours among the

finger-nails. Growing the pigtail is a serious business, and occupies a long time. So at first the missionary wears a false pigtail fastened within his cap. And, whilst preaching in the market-places, wicked small Chinese boys come along and tie the mock pigtails of the barbarians together. So, when they move, pigtails and caps roll in the mire, and all the preaching is forgotten. As the Chinese worship their ancestors, and paternal reverence is of cardinal importance with them,

the Christian parable of the Prodigal Son always interests. Of course, one associates the Prodigal Son with Palestine. A Prodigal Son, therefore, in a Chinese setting, rather gives one a start. The China Inland Mission issue a pamphlet in Chinese telling the Biblical story. But it is illustrated Chinese fashion. You see the son leaving home in a palanquin carried by four coolies. You see him spending his life in riotous living, in the tea-houses with small-footed singing-girls. You see him in reduced circumstances, picking food out of the pig's-trough with a pair of chop-sticks! You see him returning home, and the old father making merry. And the fatted calf is a water-buffalo!

The one thing that had got wedged into my brain before going to China was that the Empire was simply groaning under the opium curse. I

had seen long articles in the papers begging the British Government not to be so desperately wicked as to force Indian opium on the poor, degraded Chinese. My soul rose in wrath against our base Government, which, simply for filthy lucre's sake, was driving millions of one's fellow-creatures to an opium-drunkard's grave. I read pamphlets and wept over illustrations issued by the missionaries to show the wrong we were doing the poor heathen. And, besides, there were the appeals issued by the Chinese themselves, that they didn't want the British opium. I had to rub my eyes when I got to China. The reason the Chinese mandarins didn't want British opium in China was because it came into competition with the Chinese-grown opium! In Yunnan and Szechuen I passed through hundreds of miles of country where the officials derive a large part of their income from growing opium.

All along the Chinese highways and byways, however, I expected to find tottering wretches, all scraggy skin and bone, glisten-eyed, emaciated and in tatters, beseeching the passers-by to give them opium, one little pill of opium, else they die. I had got that idea somehow from reading missionary accounts about the Crying Curse of China. I kept a sharp look-out for a specimen of the Crying Curse. I wanted his photograph. But from one side of China to the other, right through the heart of the Empire, which was my route and occupied six months, I never saw a single opium-smoker towards whom I could point a camera and say, "There, that's a genuine case; that is like the picture in the missionary tract." I saw hundreds of thousands of opium-smokers, slept in opium-dens, and I asked to be shown the tottering wrecks. I daresay opium is very insidious in its fascination, and has a decidedly bad effect on the nerves. I'm not saying a word in its favour. Only its results are wildly



MARKETING IN CHINA.



A STREET IN A CHINESE CITY.



A COUNTRY ROAD.

From Photographs by C. Jensen.

benighted heathen, he wrote, "By the grace of the Almighty, I have built a temple of worship, and with the few remaining bricks I have erected a poor little domicile for myself."

"Come and see the few remaining bricks," I was invited at this treaty port. Certainly they had been used to the best advantage. The mission-house was a fine, big, noble structure, with deep verandahs and fine gardens. The church was an insignificant, barn-looking affair, stuck in a corner! That I saw myself, though it is quite possible the "remaining brick" story is apocryphal.

All missionaries in Western China wear the native garb, shave their heads, and cultivate pigtails, and some of them even grow elongated

exaggerated, and there is about as much truth in the statement that China is being physically ruined because of opium as there would be in the statement that England is going to the dogs because of strong tea. The majority of Chinamen smoke opium, and it doesn't seem to do them a bit of harm. Chinese coolies will carry great loads of 120 lb. on their shoulders over the mountains all day, and at night they will have their two pipes of opium. The next morning they are up and away, not one bit harmed, and so they go on year in and year out. I often asked my friend the missionary to show me a real opium-victim. But he only smiled, and said I wouldn't be convinced if he found me a dozen. So he never found one.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.



## THE "ABLE EDITOR" AND THE TATE GALLERY.

CONCERNING MR. EDWARD TYAS COOK, THE ACCOMPLISHED EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS," THE MOST CAPABLE EXPOUNDER OF MR. RUSKIN'S WORK, AND THE AUTHOR OF THE BEST GUIDES TO THE ART TREASURES OF LONDON.

To be at once the editor of a London daily newspaper, the mentor and monitor of a great political party, and the compiler of the most admirable of handbooks to our national art collections, is obviously to possess exceptional versatility of mind. But Mr. E. T. Cook, who is known to journalists and politicians as the editor of the *Daily News*, and to many thousands of other people as the author of "The Popular Handbook to the National Gallery," has never allowed himself to be narrowed or limited by the absorbing claims of an arduous profession. As a rule, politics, whether it takes the journalistic or the Parliamentary form, is apt to be a most jealous mistress. The editor or the political leader-writer, like the active M.P., usually finds his mind "subdued to that it works in." He gets out of the habit of reading other books but Blue Books, or writing anything except articles on topics of the day. There are exceptions, of course. Mr. Bryce is one of them, and so is Mr. Birrell; so also is Mr. E. T. Cook. He has been concerned with the practical work of politics ever since he left Oxford, or before; for even at the University he was one of that group of clever young men who made public affairs their main preoccupation and amusement. As an undergraduate, Mr. Cook was occasionally in the habit of addressing Liberal public meetings, and he was an active Union orator at a time when the walls of the old Debating Society were thrilling to the youthful eloquence of Lord Curzon of Kedleston and the more sober and thoughtful speeches of Sir Alfred Milner and the present Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. But Mr. Cook's interest in politics did not interfere with his academic success. He got his First Class in "Greats," and might doubtless have obtained a Fellowship and Tutorship if the career of an Oxford don had attracted him. In many respects the academic life might have suited him, for in education, and particularly in popular education, he has always taken a keen interest. Soon after he took his degree, he became Secretary to the Society for the Extension of University Teaching, then in its early and struggling stage, and his energy and tact had much to do with the eventual success of the movement in London.

Presently journalism claimed him, as it did, and does, so many other clever and ambitious young men. He graduated on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in one of the earlier incarnations of that Protean journal's existence—the thoughtful, scholarly, reserved *Pall Mall* of Mr. John Morley's time. But, with all his culture and his literary tastes, Mr. Cook is essentially a journalist *de nos jours*. The New Journalism, when it was new instead of being rather old-fashioned, owed almost as much to him as to Mr. Stead himself, for, when that vivacious editor succeeded to the chair of Mr. Morley and Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Cook became his most efficient lieutenant. Rumour had it that the editor and his assistant were not in all points in complete accord, and one can conceive that the fervent Chief and his keenly intellectual young subordinate may sometimes have had differences of opinion. But in the inner circles of Fleet Street it was commonly understood that Cook deserved, if he did not obtain, the chief credit for some of the features of the *Pall Mall* which everybody commended. Even those who disliked Mr. Stead's views on politics, theology, and social ethics,

agreed that his journal was extremely instructive and informing. Nowhere else were facts so well-digested and analysed, and presented in such handy and convenient form to the reader; nowhere was a Blue Book or a Parliamentary paper so skilfully "boiled down," or the pith extracted from a budget of dry statistics and made readable and even entertaining. This was understood to be Mr. Cook's special work, and it was one mode of promoting popular education—perhaps an even more effective method than that of establishing "centres" where University men could lecture to artisans and young ladies on Elizabethan Literature and Mediæval Architecture.

When Mr. Astor purchased the *Pall Mall Gazette* and made it a Conservative journal, Mr. Cook retired and became the first Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. The same sort of educative process was continued there and in the *Daily News*, to which Mr. Cook was elevated in 1896. In whatever paper he edits you may be sure of finding plenty of information, well-digested, well-considered, and well-displayed. No man can get at the facts of any subject better, or exhibit them in a more compact, precise, and interesting form. These qualities are conspicuous in his Handbooks to the great picture collections—that to the National Gallery, which has already reached a fifth edition, and that to the Tate Gallery, which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued. Mr. Cook's hobby has been to find out everything that is to be known about English painters and their pictures. He has an interest in art generally, more particularly as it is viewed through the eyes of Mr. Ruskin, on whom he has published a volume of "Studies." But he is not so much an art critic as a biographer of artists and an annotator of their works. The two handbooks are marvels of industrious research, careful arrangement, and judicious selection. The journalistic training is shown in the way in which every line is made interesting. Most art catalogues are dry and jejune reading; but Mr. Cook's are so enter-

taining that you are inclined to take them up and go through them at a sitting. Everything that you can want to know about the English painters represented at Millbank is in the Tate Gallery Catalogue—their lives, their works, what other people have thought of them, the characteristics of their style, the special merits or peculiarities of the examples exhibited. Mr. Cook has the knack of being "popular" without becoming superficial, and learned without growing dull. To spend an afternoon or two in the gallery with this Handbook is to obtain more real knowledge of the English schools of painting than most people would derive from reading a dozen pretentious works, and attending whole courses of lectures. In a quiet and unostentatious fashion few men have done more real service to art education in our time than the author of these excellent Handbooks. S. L.



MR. E. T. COOK.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## THE FAILURES OF WOMEN: IN COOKERY.

Many are the arguments volubly employed nowadays which make for proving the eternal superiority of the Eternal Feminine. Mentally, intellectually, morally, spiritually, and otherwise we hear of her (from herself) as a being set apart, away from, and overhead the opposing and decadent gender, whom in her greater strength of numbers she would now force into the novel attitude of a conquered combatant. While admitting with many salaams this lofty altitude, these higher aims and atmospheres, there still remains, however, one underlying wonder. How is it that woman, while occupied in waving her flag of independence so busily from the battlements, should yet be obliged to cede first place even in the basement to mere man, and that, while ambitioning the post of Comptroller, she should not be altogether competent as cook? But this is nothing new. Not even in the domesticated days, when she darned socks and sewed on shirt-buttons; or, going further back, when she made pasties and comforting home-brewed cordials; or, generations before that again, in the tapestry-working, linen-weaving era, did women ever thoroughly grasp or govern the great art of Brillat-Savarin, or Ude, or Francatelli, or Grimaud de la Reynière, or a hundred others beside, the creators of ancient, mediæval, or modern epicureanism. As *chatelaine* or *Hausfrau* we know her; as a *chef* how often? And why? Her sex, contradictory as it may seem at first blush, bars the way. Physically and mentally, she is unfitted for the various labours that attend the man cook's way while graduating from kitchen-boy to

or none; she experiments on a long series of suffering households until a superficial *ruste milieu* is arrived at—her mistress, in the butterfly period between school and marriage, has thought of other things than creating future menus, with the obvious and everyday result of mutual incompetency. Men, it must be remembered, have, moreover, always treated the gentle art of gastronomy more as a profession than as a menial office. When in great houses or colleges, clubs or hotels, the modern *chef* of to-day receives a handsome income; but in feudal England his salary represented ten times its modern equivalent, not to mention lucrative patronage and the ultimate prospect of a gift in lands. And it was this munificent manner of treating it that caused men of birth and family to frequently enter what in olden times was treated as an honourable profession.

Harking back even to mediæval England, woman took her place in the kitchen relation not so much as operator as overseer. While the master and his comrades made merry in the hall, Madame superintended her servitors and *chefs* in the kitchen, and women cooks when women cooks there were posed merely as satellites and subordinates to the Soyers of that period. Those were the days, it must be remembered, before women dined in men's company. Following mediævalism came the dawn of a carving era, when woman took her place at the table's head and cut meat for her family. As far on in history as Elizabethan days, her carver's stool still gave her the only commission to sit at the top of her own well-spread board. It is to the Dutch, by the way, that we owe our present pleasant manner of seating men and women alternately at dinner, and when this distribution of genders



IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

*cordon bleu*. He moves upwards by degrees as a result of his thorough course of training, ascending the stairs of culinary promotion through club, college, hotel, or mansion, applying knowledge, extending experience at each. Woman, with less artistic instinct and industry, generally finishes her downstairs career where she began it—in poverty. Moving from one “place” to another, her ambition rarely takes higher flights than unlimited beer and a kitchenmaid. One may, indeed, safely assert that every second or third house in London would willingly exchange its cook for a better one, were a better to be had; but she is not. The grand mediocrity which rises to cabinet-pudding and clear soup at a pinch is everywhere, but the female artist of *sole au vin blanc* or a Chateaubriand, as it ought to be, is a *rara avis* indeed. Meanwhile, it is unnecessary to add that many worthy, and even sufficiently admirable, women cooks shed the lustre of their skill over our evening hour. But here I am treating the subject as an art, not merely as an occupation, and, viewed in that light, woman is wholly inferior and quite out of court where her more thorough-going rival of the opposing gender is concerned. The natural indifference of her sex to food of fine flavour is also against her, for, whether cook or countess, the gourmet is never developed in a woman as it is in man. When Louis Eustache Ude was brought over to England, with all his honours as the valued *chef* of Louis XVI. fresh upon him, one of his grievances, besides fogs and climate, was the coldness and indifference with which women of the upper classes treated his beloved pursuit. “Neither sensibility nor enthusiasm do I find among them,” he wrote, “which is partly their parents’ act in restricting them until grown up to a nursery or boarding-school diet of milk-pudding and bread-and-butter, and killing instead of cultivating a refined appetite.”

Of practical training the ordinary woman operator has moreover little

became general, about the end of the seventeenth century, Madame gradually abandoned her onerous duties as carver to more muscular hands on each side.

Brillat-Savarin said, in speaking of this departure, “She relinquished the labour while retaining the honour of her hostess’s seat, which had, in the first instance, been conceded to her only as handler of the great knife.” But in tracing the progress of woman through the history of the table, from earliest times, it remains abundantly evident that she was chiefly accessory after the fact of cooking, with which she had actually little and, in ancient times, practically nothing to do.

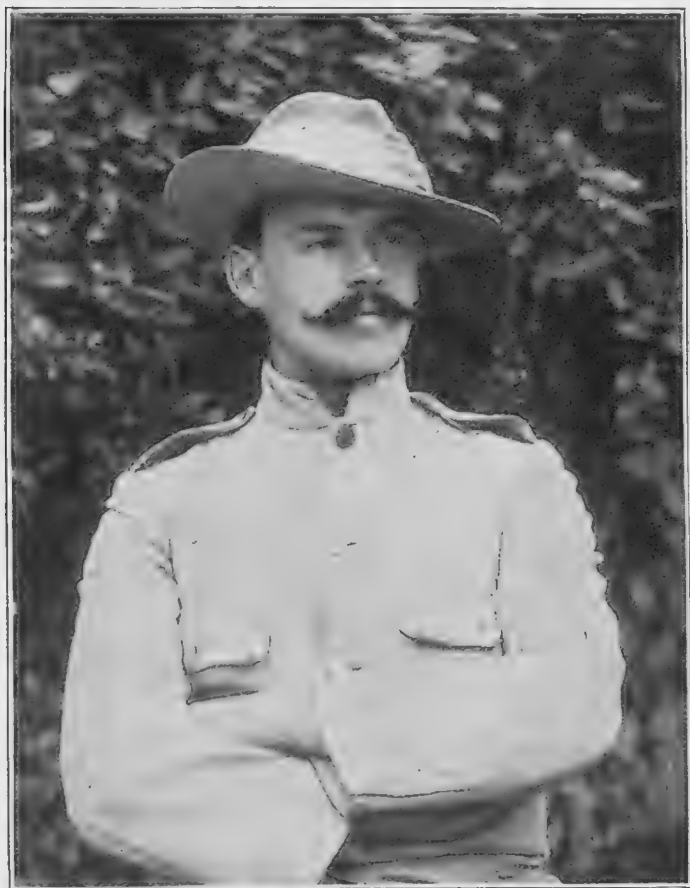
Men, on the other hand, have made history in gastronomy, as in all else. We may begin with the Romans, who left at least two excellent things behind them—their laws and their cookery—and fill in every intervening area with great names, from Apicius, who ravished the *blasé* palates of the Amphytrions, down to the Bignons or Benoists of our own times and more refined though not more complex methods. Men take—have always taken—this fine art seriously, and, devoting to it time and energy and taste, succeed where the superficial interest given it by women fails. Vatel took it too seriously, indeed, when he fell on his sword because a certain *coquille d’écrevisse* was sent sauced to the table of the Bien Aimé. It was said of Carême, Prince Talleyrand’s *chef* and confidential adviser to boot, that he never let a week pass without composing a new and captivating dish. Lagupière and Jules Gouffé made the early years of this century famous in dinner-giving annals, and was it not to Urbain Dubois that William I. “owed the purest joys he had ever known”? Of Ouglère, whilom *chef* to the Rothschilds, and, later, the presiding good genius of the renowned “Trois Frères,” there will, indeed, still be found gourmets who tell of him with bated breath and unctuous eyelids.



## "MOROCCO BOUND" IN REAL LIFE.

### THE MYSTERIOUS "TOURMALINE" AFFAIR.

The capture of certain members of the *Tourmaline* expedition on the coast of Morocco, and their subsequent ill-treatment at the hands of their Moorish captors, attracted considerable public attention at the



MR. HENRY M. GREY.  
Photo by Fryone, Gibraltar.

time, and as Mr. Henry M. Grey, one of the principal members of the ill-starred band, has just returned to England, I sought him out (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), to ascertain, if possible, the true inwardness of that disastrous attempt to open up trade with the tribes of Sus.

I found him revelling in the luxuries of civilisation in the shape of a cigarette and a comfortable arm-chair at the Primrose Club, and, after an interchange of civilities, plunged at once *in medias res*.

"You have just come back from Gibraltar, have you not?" I asked.

"Yes. It was in the Moorish Castle there—the oldest castle in Europe, by the way—that I passed the four months' imprisonment to which I was sentenced as a first-class misdemeanant after the trial at Tangier, on a charge of smuggling arms into Moroquino territory."

"You were tried without a jury, were you not?"

"Yes. There is no such thing as trial by jury in Morocco for such offences as ours."

"But if a British subject commits a murder in Morocco, is he not entitled to a jury of his countrymen?"

"Ah! that is different. That is a felony, and a man charged with such a crime would be sent over to Gibraltar to take his trial in the ordinary way; but ours was only a misdemeanour."

"How came you, then, to be confined at Gibraltar?"

"Well, you see, there is no proper accommodation for prisoners at Tangier, and British subjects convicted there are sent to either Gibraltar, Malta, or Sierra Leone to carry out their sentences—generally Gibraltar."

"You were treated pretty well there, I think?"

"As well as the regulations of the place would possibly admit. I was permitted to smoke, and, of course, allowed to provide my own food. Unfortunately, there is no library attached to the place, but Mr. Fawkes, the Attorney-General, kept me very well supplied with both books and papers. I had plenty of visitors as well, so that, of course, I was not altogether lonely."

"Forgive me asking you the question, but how did you happen to be concerned in an illegal expedition of such a character? Were you not warned before starting that it would be regarded as such by the British Government?"

"Personally speaking, I was not aware, when I left this country, that there was anything improper about it whatever. Since my return, I have been told that the Foreign Office warned both the organisers of the expedition, and Major Spilsbury, the leader of it, that any attempt to open up direct trade with the natives of Sus was illegal; but, for my part, the only warning that I had previously heard of was to the effect

that it was 'unsafe' on account of the character of the people that we proposed to deal with, and that, if we went, we should go at our own risk. A merely hazardous enterprise is a very different thing from an illegal one. You see, the syndicate that organised the expedition had obtained a concession of territory on the Sus Coast from the natives, the documents pertaining to which were signed before the British Consul at Mogador, and I was under the impression that we should land on our own property."

"And why didn't you?"

"We did—at least, we landed on the territory that the syndicate had paid for; but the Moorish Government stepped in, and said that the natives had no right to sell the land, as it belonged to the Sultan, and not to them; and the British Government supported this view."

"I see. But how came you to be captured?"

"Well, the tents and other gear had been landed on the coast at a place called Arksis, with a view to our making a caravan excursion into the interior, where the paramount chief resided, and Mr. Bezerle—a German ex-cavalry officer—and I stayed ashore, with an interpreter, to look after the things, while the others remained on board the *Tourmaline*. Unfortunately, the weather suddenly changed for the worse the very same night, and prevented any communication between the yacht and the shore until the Sultan's steamer *Hassani* arrived on the scene a week later, followed shortly afterwards by a land force, some five thousand strong, under Kaid Giluli. Our little camp was attacked on both sides, and it was only by a miracle that my comrade and I succeeded in escaping from the fight, finding a refuge in a house among the mountains. There we lay until our hiding-place was betrayed, and we were taken prisoners by the Moors."

"Did they treat you as badly as has been reported?"

"I have not yet seen any account of our treatment that has not been understated. We were in chains for three weeks, suffered from fever and disease, thirst and starvation, and should probably not have survived at all had it not been for the kindness of one of the Moorish officers, who gave us food from his own store, in defiance of the wishes of his chief, Kaid Giluli."

"I suppose you are making a claim upon the Moorish Government for compensation?"

"Yes, I have represented my case to the Foreign Office, but it rests with them whether they will present a claim or not."

"They certainly ought to, I should think," I replied, "and I sincerely hope you will get substantial compensation for the gross ill-usage to which you were subjected."

And, rising, I took my leave, and passed out into the fog-laden atmosphere of St. James's Street, which I could not help contrasting in imagination with the sunny skies of the land of which we had been conversing.

Mr. Grey is at present engaged upon a book dealing with his experiences in Morocco, which he hopes shortly to complete. It should be interesting reading.



MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS MALCOLM, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.  
Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## ROUND A HAT.

BY ALFRED SLADE.

This particular play was a great and popular success, and this particular night the theatre was crowded. Every seat in every part of the house was occupied—every seat, that is, but one, and that one in the pit. This was all the more remarkable as this seat looked a good seat—well up forward, nearly in the centre, quite as advantageous, as pit people are wont to hypocrise, as ten-and-sixpence wasted on a stall. And yet the seat was, all the same, undeniably vacant.

It was not being "kept," either: the young man on the other side of it already had his young lady with him; I, on this side, did not have a young lady at all, and did not expect one either; that seat was neither reserved nor taken. There was a mystery about it—a mystery I was acquainted with, a mystery you will get to know too if only you have the courage to go on.

You may be curious why I did not move up into this excellently good seat. There is another mystery in the matter, and, just as in the case where two negatives, we are erroneously assured, constitute a positive affirmative, so these two mysteries, being explained, annul one another. As a matter of fact, I *had* moved into that seat on entering; and then had hastily moved back again, while I had the chance. For immediately in front was a stylish young lady, what is generally catalogued a smart girl: young, good-looking, very nice; in the height of fashion, and—need I say it?—with a hat.

There you have it, not the hat, which is probably in the same possession (unless, of course, the fashions have again changed, as is to be expected considering the incident took place nearly a week ago); not the hat, but the elucidation—for the luckless individual who paid to come in and took up his station, sitting down, behind that hat would have absolutely no return for his money but a gratuitous and highly exasperating view of ribbons and dead birds that Regent Street glorifies into a "creation."

We knew, you know: we had tried it, I the first and the quickest; and then other men, who wandering in late and thanking their lucky stars for their great good-fortune, bounced into that seat with a wide smile on their faces, remained perplexed and fidgety for several minutes, frowned and coughed and shuffled their feet where the floor sounded loudest, and then finally departed somewhere into the back, with inarticulate mutterings and much painfully suppressed emotion.

An old gentleman at the back of me, who evidently made a habit of misanthropy and allowed none of his fellow-creatures' sadnesses to pass without proper merriment, was spending a most enjoyable evening in consequence; the world to him was a good deal more than a stage, and he would certainly have been content to wait all night for the rising of the curtain, provided the fun in front went on so uninterruptedly. When somebody from the rear made a move for this seat, his face beamed with the gratitude of thanksgiving; as the somebody sat down there, he seemed to let off a profound chuckle; when the said somebody faced the hat and fidgeted, his sides shook and his double chin trembled. I did not approve of this gloating, and as often as was possible, without creating conversational friction, I leaned back suddenly and let one of my shoulders fall on to his nose. That gave him pause and breathing-time; but he used it only to get ready to enjoy the next victim.

Just as the lights went down and the curtain went up, a young man, the youngest of them all up to now, pushed his way in from the side and tumbled into that open trap, piously took off his Lord Ronald Gower and put it under the seat, bunched himself up into that preponderant attitude that is necessary for proper receptiveness, peered eagerly forward, and saw beautifully—all the blackness of the lady's hat. Then ensued the usual pantomimic demonstration of foiled expectation—coughs, and discomforting, because very sincere, growls. The old gentleman at the rear seemed to me to be in danger of bursting a blood-vessel, and the breaths of his enjoyment came into the nape of my neck warm and frequent and vigorous.

What was most remarkable, however, was that this young man did not abandon the position, like his predecessors, but held on and stuck there in forlorn hope, rousing himself at intervals to pivot round on his vertebral column and describe most alarming contortions in rash attempts to get his head, and more particularly his eyes, into some nook or crevice where the stage was not completely effaced, then sinking down in failure and despair, and collapsing into unwilling resignation, tempered by ebullitions of muffled groans. And the old gentleman behind was quivering with convulsions of joy, so that I fell back on him again, and did him more personal injury, without, however, much damping his ecstatic rapture.

The girl on the right of us here caused some diversion, and even applause, by removing her hat at her young man's suggestion. My unfortunate neighbour seized the opportunity to open up some hints of his own in the guise of a dialogue with me.

"That girl, sir," he declared impressively, "that girl is worth her weight in gold!"

"Yes," I contented myself with answering, my attention on the play. The young lady in the front wriggled.

"The man who marries her," continued the Sufferer, with the courage of despair, "marries a pearl—a pearl, sir, above all price!"

"Ah?" I queried, absent-mindedly, pig-headedly confining my interest to the stage. The young lady in front huffed herself.

"She has had the intelligence, sir, the intelligence and good-breeding to take her hat off."

This time he had made a false move, had gone too far. The young lady in front squared her shoulders and settled down more grimly than ever. The young man saw the game was up, and fell to groaning again. The old gentleman behind was certainly saving himself a stroke of apoplexy.

This last indecent exhibition of self-indulgence on the old cynic's part aroused my indignation and my sympathy: it was a moral and edifying play, and we were now coming to the most instructive part, which I did not want the young man to miss. I joined forces to help him and brought my Maxims up at a trot.

"She has more than all that," I replied, carrying on the conversation where he left it off; "much more. Have you not noticed her beautiful golden hair, of the colour of sunshine and the fineness of silk?"

The young lady in front commenced to wriggle again; her hair also was blonde, and, to speak the truth, more beautiful than the other's. But, of course, we did not tell her so—she knew it already. I proceeded—

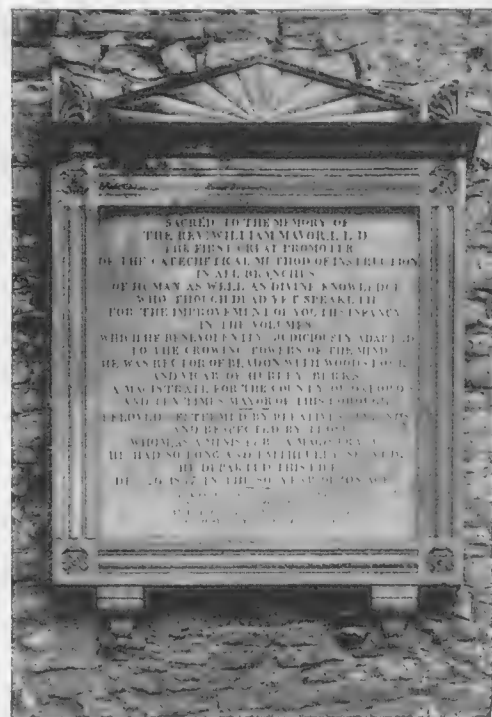
"A young lady with so glorious a crown as hers," I said, referring to her whose hat was off, "has never any hesitation in uncovering in a public assembly; the only people who keep their hats on, you will have noticed, are elderly females in a state of decay, or else unfortunate women more or less bald-headed."

That did it—did it in once. In a twinkling the hat in front came off, disclosing, as the owner knew it would, a wealth of beautiful love-locks, proclaiming in pride their superiority to any or every other head in the theatre. The young man seemed dazed for a moment with the light that flooded from the stage that his eyes now saw for the first time that evening. Gathering himself together, he leaned forward to the lady, and gently whispered, "Thank you," then settled down in contentment to enjoy the play; but in the darkness his hand had gripped mine in such sincerity of gratitude that my fingers ached for a week after. The old gentleman behind collapsed on to the floor, and was assisted out, shedding tears.

There is no moral I know of to this story; but I have just heard that the young man has since emigrated to some distant part of Central Africa; his principal inducement to this step being, it would appear, that, among the ladies of the district, hats, among other articles of adornment, hats are non-existent.

## MAVOR, OF "SPELLING-BOOK" FAME.

High up on the outside of the west wall of Woodstock Church is an unpretentious tablet recording some of the labours of the Mavor of "Spelling-Book" fame. But only some. A catalogue of all he wrote, apart from that companion of our childhood, would almost cover all the walls of his church and the tower to boot. A solid column and a-half in "The Dictionary of National Biography" gives but the titles of his compilations, two of which extended to twenty-five volumes apiece! Dr. Mavor began life as a "dominie," and when he took holy orders—the evolution of so many dominies—he evidently found his early ruling passion too strong to overcome. His connection with Woodstock began when he became writing-master to the Duke of Marlborough's children, but it was not until 1810 that he became Rector of the parish. Among his varied achievements must be included a system of shorthand, and if that had been as well-built as his "Spelling-Book"—which can boast some five hundred editions—there would have been little opportunity for Isaac Pitman in the domain of stenography.

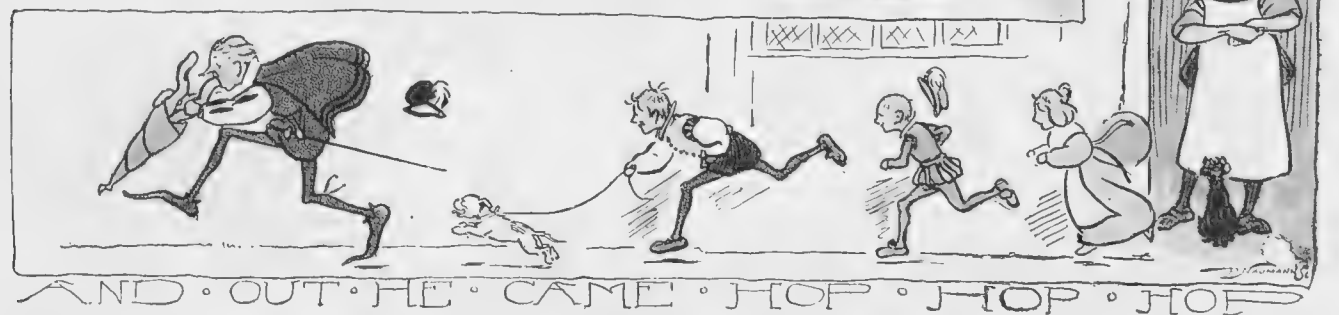


A SPELLING-BOOK MADE MAVOR FAMOUS.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Duenna of a Genius" (Harper) is a novel with a very tell-tale title. One can imagine the tyranny of the wayward genius, the caprices and the helplessness which have to be borne with, the privations to be suffered because the rare bird must be fed with the finest food and flattery. But "M. E. Francis" (Mrs. Blundell), who has written the novel, has great pity on the duenna, and, from the first, prepares a kindly fate for her. Not everything—favours, flattery, indulgence, bonbons, besides a famous husband—shall the genius have, while her sister is out in the cold. The duenna may not win a renowned artist, but she wins an English baronet, and there are some who will think her lot was to be preferred, as most certainly it was the more comfortable. The story takes place in the musical world. Country-house entertainments, concerts, singing-lessons, and ecstatic moods, and their under-sides of deep depression, are described very vividly by one who must know artistic life intimately, or else has made very shrewd guesses at it. There is one highly romantic episode, where the genius follows a still greater genius, her future husband, Waldenck, to the pine-woods at dawn, unknown to him, and there plays to him with ghostly exquisiteness a Reverie of his own. No man could withstand that homage, of course. But he will have a handful in his erratic young wife, an *enfant terrible* with the aggravation of very conscious talent. The duenna is a highly proper young person, with the code of manners of a governess of fifty years ago. Yet she is only twenty-two, and has lived in artistic circles—which makes her just a trifle improbable. As art-novels go, this one is good. But there is hardly one first-rate novel in existence the material of which is drawn from the worlds of art and letters. The same writer did work on a much higher level when she wrote "In a North Country Village."

Mrs. Blundell's book deals with musical circles. The literary world, of course, is the sphere of "George Paston's" "A Writer of Books" (Chapman). Now, writers of books are not humanly so interesting as many other simpler folks, save to themselves, and it is a sign of a poor command of material that so many young authors wander round and round their own pen-and-ink experiences, or the professional experiences they would like to have, instead of stepping out into a fresher atmosphere and gaining vigour from the change. But this novel is, at least, so much less ignorant than others of its kind, that one feels inclined, not merely to excuse, but to praise it. It shows, too, such a robust belief in the value of fiction, and so stout a faith that a woman, who, for quite adequate reasons, leaves her husband, will find ample compensation and an honourable career in writing books, that we feel the literary profession has got a lift-up from being treated so cheerfully. "George Paston" is quite right: it is a fine profession, only not quite dramatic enough as material for stories.

Messrs. Bell have reprinted their book on the art of Sir Edward Burne-Jones in a new and more convenient form. The writer, Mr. Malcolm Bell, has revised it thoroughly, and, so far as information goes, it is now one of the most satisfactory of the many monographs on painters and their work that have appeared in recent years. The book is biographical only in the sense that it tells the progress of the artist's work, but that record is of rare poetic interest. Here, indeed, we see a man dominated by beauty, with no care for aught outside his effort to express it. Mr. Bell has written an admirable guide-book and commentary, if it fails as a critique. He makes in one place that woeful mistake of comparing the exponent of one art to the exponent of another, with this most unlucky result: "He was the Robert Louis Stevenson, not the Rudyard Kipling of painters." Burne-Jones the Stevenson of painters! It would be difficult to say anything more inapt. If the eulogistic chapter had been omitted, the book would have been faultless.

Admirers of Mr. Keighley Snowden's work must be glad he has had the luck to hit on a somewhat sensational title for his new story, "The Plunder-Pit" (Methuen). Perhaps it needs such aid; otherwise hasty, rough-and-ready readers might overlook it, so little does it aim at attracting any attention, unless the attention that is watchful for delicate work. He is one of the very few story-writers of the day who take the trouble to write well, and that is a slow business, and by no means ensures your name being known. By intention, "The Plunder-Pit" is one of the adventure tales which pour on us by the score, which, if they are not all as like as peas, are usually only distinguished from each other by their backgrounds of land or sea. It is a tale of the old-world Yorkshire, and how a gang of thieves there had a safe career of romantic wickedness until they were discovered by an ex-schoolmaster, loitering round the home of his beloved, and put to confusion and flight by a plucky squire. The ex-schoolmaster loves the daughter of one of the thieves, a respectable farmer in the eyes of the world, and this makes a very pretty complication, quite good enough for the plot of a story, but which might have been treated in a very bald and commonplace manner. Out of this rough material Mr. Snowden has woven a beautiful web, very delicate in design and colour. He has done that very rare thing—combined stern wildness and grace. The dark moors and stars are his background, but there are winsome flowers growing in the sheltered spots. And there are sheltered spots to be met with in the course of this tale of violence. So one rises from it unfatigued, refreshed rather by the encounter of a mind that is not repelled by the crude and brutal happenings of the world, but that demands beauty, and that reveals it, too, where we should without such aid have seen only roughness and sordid struggle.

o. o.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*The Affair par excellence* seems in a fair way of coming to a salutary and final crisis. There are Judges at Paris, even as formerly at Berlin, and now for the first time the decision of what is really a legal question is to be left to trained lawyers. But France can never be without a scandal, and the *Affaire Picquart* bids fair to eclipse in interest its parent, the *Affaire Dreyfus*. A short time will probably see a decision reached here also. It is hard to believe that the military ring, discredited so deeply, will be able to carry out to the end what is obviously a mere revenge on an officer for being so unmilitary as to seek out and proclaim the truth. The very sending of Picquart—who has been practically dismissed from the Army—before a court-martial is a pettifogging trick worthy only of the meanest of attorneys. He is no more a soldier for military employment, for any chance of credit; but he remains a soldier for being tried by the nominees of the very men who have ruined his military career. And the men who have worked this contemptible shuffle consider themselves the guardians of the honour of the Army. Certainly they can devote all their energy to protecting that honour; their private and personal honour will not demand any appreciable sacrifice of time to defend.

But the Generals and others who are still resisting revision or persecuting Picquart seem to be afraid of using the weapons and methods of a soldier, however unscrupulous. In the contest between the Alsatian at the head of the Court of Cassation and the Alsatian at the head of the military clique, it is the Judge who is frank, simple, and soldierly in his procedure, the General who is tortuous, quibbling, and pettifogging. Now, a military man is handicapped in a legal question, unless he can rattle his sabre and overawe the lawyers. If he must fight with the weapons of his legal foes, he is as much at a disadvantage as a lawyer on the field of battle. Even if he can outwit the lawyers for a little, his victory is fatal to himself: it brands him as unsoldierly. And the clique of the General Staff has one crushing disadvantage: nobody knows its members. If it contained someone famous for a successful campaign, like General Dodds, or for a daring expedition, like Major Marchand, there might be hope for a bold stroke; but will the private soldier shoot down his friends and relations at the beck and call of General Tom, General Dick, and General Harry? The question will be asked, that always seems to have been fatal to popularity in Biblical days—"Who is this man, that we should obey him?" And to that there is no answer.

It is to be desired that the agitation may cease now, for one especial reason—it makes the world such a mournful place. The joyous land of France, the home of gaiety, the seat of frivolity, has been turned into a very fountain of dullness. Dreyfusards and Anti-Semites all are, or appear, in deadly earnest. There is nobody frivolous enough to catch the infinite comicalities of the struggle. The epithets, the attacks, the caricatures are crude, savage, ugly. On both sides there is an eruption of stupidity like the outbreak of a mud-volcano. Even when some outside interest distracts the attention of the multitude from Dreyfus, there is no gaiety. The Parisian journalist can do nothing but depict John Bull in the weeping whiskers that hardly an Englishman could be found to wear, and with teeth that would seem exaggerated in the Ogre of a Christmas pantomime. And yet Paris is often full of really comic types of real Englishmen, if only the artists would open their eyes and see. It is all so very wearisome! When German caricaturists represent the Queen as a sort of Mrs. Gamp, we say that the Prussian was never remarkable for politeness or delicacy of wit; but when the French take to imitating the Germans, with even worse taste, what are we to say?

Is it not mournful to think of the leaden eclipse that has fallen on two of the most slashing satirists of France, Rochefort and "Gyp"? Slashing they remain, but grow merely abusive. It is terrible that such bright if malignant intelligences should be debased to the level of the professional Jew-baiter—*Monsieur Drumont qui ment si dru*—and fall below the Zola they deery. As one of their own poets might have said—

Pauvre Gyp, qu'est-ce qu'on gagne  
À calomnier Trarieux?  
Ton esprit fine champagne  
Devient du Martel très-vieux.  
Quoique ton caquet rapide  
Va toujours comme à vapeur,  
C'est stupide;  
Mais stupide;  
C'est stupide à faire peur!  
  
D'une main adroite et fière  
Rochefort l'intransigeant  
Criblait de coups de rapière  
Le pouvoir, sombre géant:  
Maintenant cet intrépide  
Pioche comme un sapeur—  
C'est stupide,  
Mais stupide;  
C'est stupide à faire peur!

It is really pitiful that, when the public men of France take such pains to be ridiculous, so few have the wit to point out the fun and enjoy it when pointed out. What Dogberries, Malvolios, Bottoms, and Aguecheeks call aloud for their Shakspeare, but call in vain. And the champions of law and justice are as dull as their opponents. Oh for a week of Voltaire!

MARMITON.



## A MAN WHO HELPED TO MAKE INDIA.

## HOW GILLESPIE BECAME THE HERO OF VELLORE.

It is just eighty-four years since Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie fell fighting at Kalunga, the most inaccessible position in the Himalayas. The making of an Indian Empire has absorbed many a gallant soldier, and Gillespie was among the bravest.

The great Mutiny of 1857 was no unprecedented event in the history of the East India Company's armies. By its magnitude and its disastrous consequences it overshadowed every similar occurrence of earlier days, but there were many outbreaks at various times which, if they had not been repressed at their outset by stronger men than were found in the beginnings of the last convulsion, might have grown to enormous proportions and involved the reconquest of all the territories that had come under English dominion. One of the most dangerous of these mutinies was that at Vellore in 1806, and it bore a peculiar resemblance in its features to the Mutiny in 1857, as it originated in fears among the native soldiery that their caste was being interfered with, and found a nucleus of agitation in a design to replace in power native Princes who had been removed from their dominions by British conquest.

Much want of tact and sympathy with the feelings of the Native Army in the Madras Presidency had been shown by new regulations which had been introduced by Government. The Sepoys were required to clip their moustachios, to appear on parade with their chins clean-shaved, and never to wear the distinguishing marks of caste upon their foreheads or their ear-rings when in uniform. A turban of a new fashion and of an unvarying cut was also ordered for regimental wear. If these new regulations had been introduced gradually, and if the men had received any explanation of their meaning, it is possible that they might have been accepted without much demur; but the martinet of the day promulgated them suddenly, without any consideration for the susceptibilities of the Sepoys, which were at once aroused. The 4th Infantry became disorderly, and swore that they would not comply with the new orders. Discipline in those days was stern and sharp. The non-commissioned officers who had refused to wear the new turban were at once reduced to the ranks, and nineteen of the mutinous men were sentenced by court-martial, of whom seventeen were pardoned and two were condemned to receive nine hundred lashes each. If there had been no other influence at work to excite the soldiers' minds, the malcontents might have been cowed and might in time have recognised that no attempt was being made to destroy their caste; but, unfortunately, a widespread agitation was being stirred up throughout the Madras Army, which found itself aided by the circumstances of the mutiny and its effect on the temper of the Sepoys. There were intriguing agents at work in every garrison, many of these agents being Frenchmen disguised as fakirs, doing their best to sow disaffection and destroy the military basis of the English power. A general massacre was contemplated, and it was intended that this should commence at Vellore, from which, as a centre, the signal should be given to spread the work of carnage and desolation through the three Presidencies. Vellore was selected as the spot for the first outbreak because there the sons of Tippoo Sultan had been lodged after the capture of Seringapatam, and there they had been maintained in state and luxury by the conquerors of their father. A figure-head and a standard were required round which mutineers and rebels might rally, and the young Princes, with the old Tiger banner of Mysore, probably appeared to be as suitable for the purpose as any others.

In July 1806, the garrison at Vellore consisted of the 23rd Regiment, six companies of the 1st Regiment of Native Infantry, and four companies of the 69th of the English Regular Army; Colonel Fancourt, a King's officer, who had the reputation of being a brave and experienced soldier, was in command. He had only lately come to India from service in St. Domingo, and had no experience of the Native Army, and this appears to have prevented him from paying attention to certain ominous warnings which certainly were given, or from taking any precautions to guard against the mutinous spirit of the Native regiments. Everything was quiet in the early morning of the 10th, and, with the exception of the ordinary weak night-guards, all the European officers and men were in

their beds. But the moment of action for the mutineers had come. Suddenly and silently they armed themselves, seized a six-pounder field-piece, and surrounded the barracks of the 69th. A murderous fire was opened through doors and windows on the helpless sleepers, many of whom were killed before they could rouse to protect themselves. Simultaneously the small European main guard and the sick in hospital were butchered, and the Sepoys, drunk with blood, hastened to the bungalows of their officers, nearly all of whom were slaughtered with every circumstance of atrocity. Colonel Fancourt fell as he was going to the parade-ground, Colonel McKerras was shot by his own men while he was addressing them and trying to recall them to their duty, and Lieutenant Ely, of the 69th, with his infant son in his arms, was bayoneted in the presence of his wife. Many others were killed on the spot, some were hunted out in places to which they had fled for concealment, and none escaped but two, who, with a surgeon, had quarters near the European barracks.

Meantime the men of the 69th who had not been killed during the first surprise had seized their weapons, and, under the command of a cool and gallant sergeant named Brodie, had gathered to defend themselves. The two officers and the surgeon who had escaped from slaughter were able to join them, and the little force prepared to make head against their enemies, who, flushed with success though they were, dared not attempt to carry by assault the weak buildings held by English soldiers.

The fort at Vellore was a bastioned fortification, and the barracks of the European soldiers were inside its walls, though a portion of them rose directly over one of the bastions. The mutineers had gained possession of the place, with the exception of the buildings held by the few survivors of the 69th, who, without food and water, surrounded by the heaps of their dead and wounded comrades, had little hope but that they might be able to sell their lives dearly. The field-piece in the hands of the Sepoys was for the moment the most formidable feature of the attack, as it had been run into position to destroy the feeble doors. A desperate sally was made; the assailants were thrown back; the six-pounder was spiked, and the immediate danger was averted. But what a prospect was before the despairing men! There was no point from which assistance could come nearer than Arcot, sixteen miles distant. They did not even know that tidings of their disastrous plight had left Vellore, and it seemed



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT ROLLO GILLESPIE.

impossible that effective aid could be rendered before they were overwhelmed by numbers. Sergeant Brodie was looking hopelessly over the plain that stretched away beneath the walls, when he saw a solitary horseman approaching at furious speed. There was something familiar to the old soldier's eye in the appearance of the reckless rider, and he exclaimed—

"If Colonel Gillespie be alive, he is now at the head of the 19th Dragoons, and God Almighty has sent him from the West Indies to save our lives in the East."

The mutineers had also seen the rider, and, recognising him as an English officer, fired shot after shot at him from the walls. But, paying no attention to the bullets whistling past, he pressed on to the foot of the bastion beneath the barracks. A long rope, formed of soldiers' belts buckled together, was let down from a window, and, setting his good horse free, he clambered up the rope and was welcomed as the leader from whom everything that human energy and perseverance could accomplish might be expected.

Let us see how Robert Rollo Gillespie appeared thus opportunely on the scene in the midst of a great crisis. After serving for eleven years in the West Indies, and taking a brilliant part in all the hard fighting of which the great islands of the Caribbean Sea were the theatre, he had exchanged to the command of the 19th Dragoons, and had joined them at Arcot in June 1806. Knowing that his old friend, Colonel Fancourt, and the 69th, with whom he had served at St. Domingo, were at Vellore, he was going to ride over and visit them in the early morning of July 10, when the terrible news of the massacre reached him. A troop of the

19th happened to have their horses saddled ready for drill. These he ordered to accompany him at once, and to bring with them the galloper-guns which then formed part of each cavalry regiment's equipment. The rest of the regiment was to turn out and follow as quickly as possible. One of the finest and most daring horsemen in the English Army, and riding a magnificent Arab which had been presented to him by the famous Ali Pacha, he quickly outstripped the small body of cavalry, and arrived at the goal of his desperate ride in time to restore confidence to his old comrades and to stem the torrent of bloodthirsty rebellion.

He at once assumed energetic command. He was not a man to be contented with a passive defence, but resolved to attack the hitherto triumphant Sepoys. The shattered and weary remnant of the 69th gathered renewed courage from his presence, and he led them in charge after charge with the bayonet. The mutineers were checked and hurled back, and time was gained to allow the cavalry to arrive. The galloper-guns were wheeled into position, and blew open the great gates of the fortress. The 19th charged through the opening, and the Sepoys found themselves between bodies of English soldiers in their front and rear. There was no wavering, however. The native officers encouraged their men to make a desperate stand with all the discipline that they had learned when they were loyal soldiers. To no purpose, for the sabres of the dragoons bit deep, and the galloper-guns poured death at short range. Six hundred Sepoys fell on the spot, and the rest of the rebels fled, only to be sought and found later in the places of concealment to which they had fled.

The standard of Mysore had been hoisted on the Palace of Tippoo Sultan's sons when the outbreak commenced, and there was little doubt that the Princes were deeply implicated in the massacre. Colonel Gillespie could not have been blamed if he had permitted his soldiers, who were maddened by the sight of their dead friends, to execute swift justice upon them; but, cool-headed and merciful as he was daring, he placed a strong guard over the Palace for the time being, and soon afterwards sent its guilty inmates to Madras for the disposal of the Government.

Few more brilliant feats have ever been performed than the quelling of the Vellore Mutiny. The promptitude and decision of one man arrested a most dangerous confederacy, and it became known that, if the great fortress had remained in the possession of the insurgents but a few days, they would have been joined by fifty thousand armed men from Mysore, the disbanded remains of Tippoo Sultan's well-drilled and organised army. It may be said that Colonel Gillespie's daring and energy saved the Carnatic to the East India Company, and thus it was that the Commander-in-Chief, in his despatch, well called the action "a military wonder."

Colonel Gillespie lived to gain great and brilliant distinction at the conquest of Java and elsewhere, and he died a soldier's death while commanding a brigade in the war with Nepal.

## FAMOUS HOUSES AT WOODSTOCK.

For its size Woodstock certainly has more than its fair share of lions. Blenheim Palace alone, no matter what opinion is held as to its architectural beauties, would make the fortune of a much larger town. And then, is there not Fair Rosamond's Well, beside which Alice Lee stands even more visibly than the mistress of Henry II.? And the High

Lodge, where the witty Earl of Rochester repented him of his follies on the threshold of death? And the lofty Column of Victory, which surely excels any monument in the world for the copiousness of its inscriptions? Yes, there are all these sights, and many more, within that nine-mile wall which encircles Blenheim Park, and yet, in the little town outside, there are still other shrines dear to the historical pilgrim.

Over the lintel of a dwelling on the left-hand side of the street which leads from the railway station to the Palace gates the visitor reads the legend—"Cromwell's House." And so the ever-present Protector was at Woodstock too? Thus the local legend, at any rate. This is the "inn where Cromwell stayed during the attack on the Old Palace, though now it is converted into private houses." To take this for gospel saves the pilgrim from worrying as to whether he has been paying his devotions at the wrong shrine. But *did* Cromwell take part in the Parliamentary attack on the Old Palace? Let two Scots be called to solve the problem. Here is Sir Walter Scott, who, in his novel of "Woodstock," takes Oliver to the town with a vengeance. But here, too, is one named Thomas Carlyle, who devoted not a little labour to that said Oliver's history, and he knows nothing of this Woodstock visit. No doubt the romancer will triumph over the historian; he who sees with the imaginative eye has more believers

than he who gazes with a more matter-of-fact vision. And so the problem may be left. Cromwell's House is in Woodstock, all the same.

Down the hill and up again leads to Old Woodstock, and here stands the Black Prince's House. Either Edward the Black Prince was born here (June 15, 1330, 10 a.m.), or he lived here what time his royal father, Edward III., abode in the Palace near by. These are the two local versions; the pilgrim may make choice between them, and moderate or increase his transports accordingly. Judging from its structure, the house may well belong to the fourteenth century; it boasts a unique old fireplace inside, and a famous birdcage-looking chimney on the roof in the rear. For the rest, it is a building fitted to fire the schoolboy with heroic ambitions. He, not too anxious to verify his archaeological facts, must feel his valour quicken in sight of the birthplace or home of the victor of Cressy and Poitiers.

And then there is the Chaucer House, which nestles not unfittingly close up to the Palace gates. Not unfittingly, because Master Chaucer is claimed to have lived here while attached to the Court of Edward III. Before the days of textual criticism—and Mr. Furnivall—it was possible to point to this house as the birthplace of the Father of English Poetry; to-day it would be dangerous to make such an assertion. H. C. S.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH CROMWELL STAYED DURING THE ATTACK ON THE OLD PALACE OF WOODSTOCK.



EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE LIVED HERE.



CHAUCEER STAYED HERE WHILE ATTENDING THE COURT OF EDWARD III.

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.



## THE NURSES OF HER MAJESTY'S "TOMMIES."

WHAT THE QUEEN SAW AT NETLEY.

Once again the Queen has shown her practical womanly interest in the nursing of her sick soldiers, for she went down to Netley Hospital on Saturday with Lord Kitchener.

Tommy is nursed not only by other Tommies, but in certain cases by women. The Army Nursing Sisters have proved themselves to be so beneficial to the physical well-being of our soldiers when sick or disabled, and, moreover, have effected such an improvement in their manners and morals, which has extended beyond the four walls of the hospital ward, that the wonder is that there are only about seventy of them to nurse those who fall out of the ranks of our Army of 150,000 men.

It is true that within the last year or two there has been called into being, through the instrumentality of Princess Christian, the Army Nursing Service Reserve, numbering about a hundred women. But, so far, their services have not been specially requisitioned, in spite of the disease that has overtaken our soldiers from the Soudan entailing extra work in the military hospitals of Rochester Row and elsewhere, including Netley itself, with its large staff and splendid accommodation.

There are several points of difference between the position of an Army Nursing Sister and that of a Sister in an ordinary civil hospital. They both have charge of a ward containing a certain number of beds, but the latter has under her two, three, or four nurses, and among them probably a high-spirited, erratic "pro." (probationer, in the vulgar tongue), who is at once the joy and the bane of her existence. The former, in lieu of these, has under her a certain number of orderlies, chosen from the ranks of the regiment for intelligence and steadiness. After three months of theoretic teaching at Aldershot, these men are placed in the wards, to be practically trained in "bed-drill" and other nursing knowledge by the Sister in charge. Again, in a military hospital there is no bright interlude when a troop of medico fledglings trail through the wards in the wake of the surgeon or doctor. The military nurse, in the absence of these students and dressers, would have an excellent opportunity of learning the art of dressing wounds, if she had not already picked up that knowledge somehow.

It is the training of these orderlies which is the distinguishing, and in many ways the most important, feature of the work of an Army Nursing Sister, for, during a war, women do not actually go to the front, where there is imminent danger to life, and the organisation of an army during peace must ever be in preparation for war. First aid to the wounded during and after a battle is rendered by the orderlies of the Medical Service Corps. After bearing him to and binding his wounds in the dressing-station half a mile in the rear, he is conveyed, with a number of other wounded soldiers, to the Field Hospital, under canvas, three or four miles further in the rear. If a few days' nursing is not sufficient to enable him to rejoin his regiment, he is taken in the Transport Convoy back along the lines of communication to the Base Hospital, which may be one or two hundred miles further back. But there are Station Hospitals at intervals along this route where rest and sustenance can be obtained for the wounded exhausted by rough travelling. It is in these Station Hospitals that the Sisters might be found, but they are more certain to be seen in the Base Hospital, or hospitals where there may be beds for a thousand or more sick and wounded soldiers. At Scutari, the Turkish Barracks served as a Base Hospital, and accommodated four thousand men; in the recent Egyptian War, the Palace in Cairo was converted to the same use.

Great disappointment has been experienced by our Army Nursing Sisters that but two of their number were told off for duty in the recent campaign, and these were only at the Base in Cairo, which, of course, is hundreds of miles from Khartoum and the field of battle. The reason,

it has been suggested, was that the Army did not wish, in the event of a reverse, to be hampered by the presence of women; for it would be too horrible to contemplate any of these Sisters, these Englishwomen, falling into the hands of an unscrupulous race like the Dervishes.

But a number of our Army Nursing Sisters have been on active service in some of the numerous wars in which Great Britain has been engaged during the last ten or twenty years, and have been awarded medals for special devotion to duty. Miss Grey, for instance, Superintendent of the Guards' Hospital, has no less than five of these. Among them are the Royal Red Cross instituted by the Queen in 1883, a medal for the first Egyptian Campaign, and one for service in South Africa.

To enter the Army Nursing Service, a candidate must not be under twenty-five or over thirty, and must have had at least three years' training

in a Civil General Hospital. She must come of a family of "respectability" and "good standing," and show herself to be possessed of the "tact, temper, and ability" necessary for nursing. After six months' probation at Netley, under the discriminating eyes of Miss Campbell Norman, Lady Superintendent, she is, if suitable, drafted off to Chatham, Chelsea, Gibraltar, Malta, Westminster, or wherever her services may be required.

The Superintendent—Matron she would be called elsewhere—of each Military Hospital has to report confidentially once a year for the benefit of the War Office upon the Nursing Sisters under her control. So far, so good; but it has a curious, uncomfortable ring to be told that in her turn she has to be confidentially reported upon to the War Office by the Medical Officer, as if a well-tried woman cannot be trusted to manage herself and the younger nurses under her without such surveillance, which might prove altogether subversive of discipline if that superior Medical Officer happened to carry on flirtation with one of the subordinate Nursing Sisters. But perhaps such things do not happen in the Army!

Just a concluding word about the uniform of these Sisters of the Army. The one who designed it deserves well of the soldiers and of her own womankind. To the beautiful simplicity of the regulation garb of the civil nurse—grey costume, white apron, cuffs, and collar—it unites the piquancy of a small scarlet cape barely covering the shoulders. That small red item distinguishes the soldiers' nurse. The regulation

cap worn by the Sisters under the direct supervision of the Lady Superintendent at Netley has also marked simplicity as its own, for it consists practically of a small muslin handkerchief, folded three-corner-wise, arranged neatly on the hair, the three ends being carefully disposed of just above the nape of the neck. Nothing could be better adapted to the exigencies of war, when the nurses have sometimes to buckle to and wash their own clothes. It is easily washed, and no ironing or goffering is necessary.

## ON A BETROTHED GIRL.

ERINNA.

Baucis, the bride, I entomb and, passing my much-bewept pillar,  
Thus the Infernal Shade bitterly each may upbraid:  
"Envious wert thou, oh Death!" ; for no tinted monument ever  
Told of a maiden's bloom smit with such merciless doom.  
Since, with the torches set ready her nuptial train to illumine  
Baucis' heart-broken sire kindled her corse on the pyre.  
When, alas! Hymenæus, thy epithalamium chorus  
Changed its enchanting air into the dirge of despair.

TRANSLATED BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.



ARMY HOSPITAL NURSES.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

Many of the regular race-goers contend that there should be a close time, and that no racing should be permitted for a fortnight before and a fortnight after Christmas Day. But these gentlemen forget that the holiday people enjoy a day's racing, and it would be a great loss to Clerks of Courses to stop on Boxing Day and the remainder of the



THE NORTH v. SOUTH PORTUGAL TENNIS MATCH: THE SOUTH TEAM.

week. Further, I notice the big men spend their holidays in the South of France, where they can regularly attend the Nice meetings, so that they do not leave their favourite sport alone even when they are supposed to be resting. It is open to anybody in this country, except a racing reporter, to stay away from a meeting if he chooses.

Recent events seemingly go to prove that stable-lads are not always treated as they should be by those who have the management of training stables, but I hope and believe that the majority of our training establishments are run on humane lines. True, some of the boys give a lot of trouble at times, but there are other ways of punishing them besides resorting to the whip, and those should be adopted. It should be known to all apprentices that they have only to bring their grievances to the notice of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who would investigate and, if needs be, prosecute free of cost. I mention this fact that it may become generally known.

Sloan has, if he is rightly reported, been talking somewhat wildly to the American reporters. It is needless to add that, where the finish of a race is concerned, Judge Robinson's verdict would be loyally accepted before that of ninety-nine Sloans by the majority of English racegoers, who know that official to be honest, upright, and capable. I quite think that Sloan should be told, before he gets a licence next year, that jockeys riding in England are not allowed to bet, neither are they allowed to receive big presents from anyone except the owners for whom they ride. Of course, Sloan may have been wrongly reported. I hope, for his sake, that he was.

It is gratifying to see that the chief pillars of the Turf are at the head of the list of winning owners this year. Such fine sportsmen as Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. C. D. Rose, and Lord Rosebery have spent thousands on the breeding, running, and training of racehorses, and they all engage in the sport for the pure love of the thing. Mr. Rothschild has not been seen on a racecourse this year so often as usual, but he has a trusty henchman in Mr. J. Wood, and his two trainers, A. Hayhoe and J. Watson, are very capable men. The Duke of Westminster likes to see his colours carried to the fore, and nothing delights Lord Rosebery more than to own a good winner, if he is a home-bred one.

Horses are ticklish animals to deal with, and sometimes it is difficult to know what to feed them on. Old-stagers remember that Kaleidoscope, who was third in the Two Thousand Guineas in Petrarch's year, was trained on water-cress. Paris III. was given a strong tonic before he became thoroughly acclimatised after his journey from Australia to this country, and Earl of Anandale used to be given a small bottle of stout each night, which caused him to chew up the manger next morning. "Dutch courage" in the shape of whisky and port-wine is often administered to nervous and bad-tempered horses, but the pill has yet to be invented that will cure all cases of bad temper in horses.

I have a bone to pick with those playwrights who introduce racecourse scenes on the stage. They are invariably borrowed for the purpose of enlarging upon some piece of thorough scoundrelism; to supply, in fact, the key to the crime of the blood-and-thunder drama. The

men who make plays fail to remember that the owners of racehorses in this country include the majority of the owners of the largest and most desirable advowsons, and it can be fairly claimed that the majority of those who attend our race-meetings are men of honour, and, further, they are the big philanthropists of our land. The racecourse, as seen through the stage, is a sink of villainy; as seen through the Ascot, Goodwood, and Sandown meetings, it is a social function of the highest order.

Steeplechasing would thrive if we could induce more gentlemen like Mr. McCalmont and Mr. Ralph Sneyd to run meetings. I am glad to hear that the prospects of the Newmarket meeting are good, and I must say that Mr. McCalmont is very liberal in the matter of prize-money. Mr. Sneyd has provided good sport for spectators on many occasions at Keele Park, and this meeting certainly deserves better patronage than it gets at present. Country gentlemen with big parks at their disposal might do much worse than by turning them into steeplechase courses in these days of agricultural depression. One of the prettiest courses to be met with is that in Hamilton Park.

Many of the falls at jumping are caused through the horses being knocked into or their being dead-beaten, but sometimes animals slip at the take-off side of hurdles and come to grief through sheer accident. I have often thought that the plates might be covered with an india-rubber substance something like the covering of a pneumatic tyre, to prevent these little slips. Of course, the rubber would have to be grooved, or it might do more harm than good. I am certain the idea is one worth persevering with, and I hope some ingenious member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons will take it up. CAPTAIN COE.

## ATHLETICS.

The latest volume of the "Badminton Library" is by Mr. Montague Shearman, and deals with athletics from many points of view. Mr. C. H. Sherrill treats athletic sports in America, and Mr. Walter Rye discusses paper-chasing. Sir Richard Webster, who writes the introduction, speaks on the value of athletics with the great good sense which comes from a man who leads a busy life and views sport in its usefulness from the perspective of arduous intellectual duties.

## GOLF

The latest thing in Golf literature is "The Golfer's Alphabet," written by W. G. Vant Sutphen, illustrated by A. B. Frost, and published by the Harpers. Thus—

K is for Kitty, whose kirtle is *chie*;  
Watch her skelp up the green with her sweet little cleek.  
N is the Niblick, retriever of blunders,  
And now and again it accomplishes wonders.

## TENNIS IN PORTUGAL.

I am indebted to Mr. H. C. Maynard for these pictures of tennis teams who play in Portugal. They were taken by him at the Cascaes Sporting Club on the occasion of the North v. South Portugal Tennis Match, played on Oct. 29 and 30. The Silver Cup was presented in 1897 by



THE NORTH v. SOUTH PORTUGAL TENNIS MATCH: THE NORTH TEAM.

the Queen of Portugal, to be kept if won three years in succession. South have now won twice (1897 and 1898), this year by 107 games out of 539 played—an easy win. The play, however, was very even, each point being keenly contested. Among the numerous spectators were the King and Queen. His Majesty is a keen tennis-player, and recently took part in a tournament (Cascaes v. Carcavellos).



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 7, 4.51; Thursday, 4.50; Friday, 4.50; Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, 4.49.

All cyclists must feel disgusted, and no wonder, at Mr. Justice Channell's decision in the case of *Britten v. The Great Northern Railway Company*; yet a daily contemporary, in a leaderette commenting upon the case, strongly upholds the decision, and draws an absurd comparison by insinuating that, if A. be permitted to take with him by rail a bicycle free of charge, B. might claim the right to carry free of charge a piano, or, say, a motor-car; while C. would, as likely as not, argue that a four-horse drag was "personal luggage," and that, therefore, he should be allowed to take one with him among his baggage free of charge. These comparisons are too silly to call for more than a passing mention, but it would be satisfactory to know why Great Britain and Ireland are the only countries in Europe that have to put up with restrictions which are a disgrace to a civilised nation. In every European country, Great Britain and Ireland excepted, bicycles may be conveyed hundreds of miles by rail for a merely nominal sum, provided the owner of the machine be also on the train; yet here, where we pride ourselves upon being the most advanced country in Europe, we are compelled to pay half-a-crown or three shillings for taking a bicycle two or three hundred miles by rail, and sixpence for conveying it two or three miles or less. A recent action of the County Council in connection with the Queen's Hall has shown us what Englishmen can be compelled to put up with practically without a murmur, certainly without making any serious protestation; but, if the appeal in the present case be dismissed, we may expect to see similar actions cropping up one after another, until in the end the railway companies are bound to give way. Meanwhile, the thanks of all cyclists are due for the energetic attempt made by the National Cyclists' Union, an attempt which has, at any rate, set the ball rolling in the right direction.

Apropos of my recent paragraph about cycling at sea, I reproduce a curious old print of 1823. The machine shown was invented for



A WATER-CYCLE OF 1823.

walking upon water by a Mr. Kent, of Glasgow. It consisted of a triangle of about 10 ft., formed of rods of iron, to each angle of which was affixed a case of block-tin filled with air and completely water-tight. These little boats, or cases, seemed to be about 2½ ft. long by about 1½ ft. broad, and served to buoy up the machine and its superincumbent weight. These cases were filled with little hollow balls attached by a chain, and capable of floating the machine should any accident happen to the outer case. From the centre of the little boats rose other rods, bent upwards so as to meet in the middle at a convenient height, and forming at the junction a small seat or saddle, like that of a velocipede. Like that machine, also, it had a cushion for the breast, and ropes or reins to guide the case, at the apex of the triangle, and, upon the whole, the motion was produced in nearly the same manner. When in the seat, the feet descended to within a few inches of the water, and to the shoes were buckled the paddles, made likewise of block-tin, and having a joint yielding in one direction, so as not to give a counter-motion to the machine when moving the leg forward for a new stroke. The heels rested in stirrups attached to the saddle, and the motion was performed by the alternate action of the feet.

Several of the bicycle-manufacturers appear to be very angry with Sir J. Wolfe Barry for what they term his indiscretion. It seems that, during a lecture which he delivered recently to the Society of Arts, he stated that he did not believe that the present price of bicycles would last long, and that he expected soon to see well-made and durable machines sold at prices which seem now too low ever to be reached. "The weight of a bicycle is so small," he said, "that the value of the material, except the indiarubber tyres, cannot be serious." "It seems not too sanguine to suppose," he added, "that, a few years hence, bicycles will be sold at about a fourth of their present price." All this may be, and probably is, perfectly true; the only thing we have to dread is that the all-round reduction of prices may eventually lead to the production of what the chairman at the Humber Dinner rightly termed "cheap and nasty," and consequently untrustworthy, bicycles that no

sane man would venture to ride if he knew what sort of machine he was bestriding.

The British Museum authorities are to be congratulated warmly upon having so quickly provided accommodation—and excellent accommodation it is—for the bicycles of readers and others who frequent that fascinating centre of gravity. A few months ago, persons arriving at the Museum on cycles were obliged to ask one or other of the officials there to do them a sort of favour by attending to their machines, a favour almost invariably rewarded with a nod and a nimble sixpence. Now it is merely necessary to wheel one's bicycle into an excellently arranged subway provided with rows of automatic holders, and there secure it by placing a penny in the slot. This development is little short of a boon to *habitués* of the Museum, many scores of whom ride in daily from the suburbs, and some even from the country.

Cycle Shows have become a feature of the present day, and the craze for them appears to be extending even beyond the confines of Europe. I see that arrangements are being made to hold one shortly in Smyrna.

The idea of attaching a kite to a bicycle is not altogether new. I fancy I heard of the experiment years ago. However, a Yorkshireman was brave (or foolish) enough to try it the other day. He still lives to boast of his experiment, but his success was hardly sufficient to tempt him to repeat it. It was a breezy day, and he anticipated a glorious spin down-wind, and he got it. Coasting down a long decline was nothing to it; the kite soared aloft, and away flew the gallant cyclist on the wings of the wind. The speed became delirious! Shortly afterwards the adventurous rider was picked up in an unconscious condition. What became of his machine is not stated; perhaps it is still careering madly in the wake of that kite—a sort of Flying Dutchman among cycles, to appear again and again amid the raging storm to strike terror into the hearts of belated riders.

There was a young man who said, "Might  
I not hasten my speed with a kite?"  
He rode faster and faster,  
Till soon a disaster  
Occurred, which they said, "Served him right!"

The cycle has recently made its triumphal entry into French fiction in the "Recordman," the story of a humble Breton apprentice, fired by the ambition to play a more distinguished part in the play of life than that of a baker. The halo of glory that surrounds the head of him who has gained a brilliant victory on the cycling-track appears to the ambitious youth to shine with a splendour that puts all other kinds of fame in the shade. There is also, it must be confessed, something more than an *arrière-pensée* that the material spoils that fall to the lot of the victor are even, perhaps, as desirable as the halo. Be this as it may, the baker's apprentice goes on mounting higher and higher on the ladder of bicycling renown, until eventually he attains the summit of the cyclist's earthly ambition—he is "Champion of the World." He retires before he gets some fatal disease, marries, lives happily ever afterwards, and sells innumerable bicycles to his fellow-townsmen who would fain emulate his glorious career. On the whole, the bicycle as a hero is far from being the unpromising subject it might appear at first sight.

A correspondent, referring to a statement in this column that a Chinese woman had not been seen riding a bike, tells me that a Chinese girl, aged about thirteen years, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Shanghai, can be seen nearly every evening riding up the "Maloo" (principal thoroughfare in Shanghai) on the newest form of American wheel, and riding exceedingly well. She is always attended by her young brother as an escort. It is unnecessary to say that jeers and insults are hurled broadcast at her by her countrymen, but she appears imperturbable. "She is the first and only Chinese girl that I have seen on a 'bike.' I may add, for the benefit of the fair sex, that she wears her ordinary walking-costume, namely, trousers." After this, who can deny the existence of "woman's rights" in conservative China?

Mr. Laey Hillier's new book, "The Art of Cycling," demonstrates by means of numerous diagrams the merits of "ankle action." To show the various movements of the leg, Mr. Hillier has mounted a skeleton on a "bike," and so, upright, or *à la scorecher*, he is a convincing object-lesson of how to do it. But a skeleton on a "bike" is at first alarming, and, as the little Scotch boy said to his father when he first saw a skeleton, "Faither, how does that man haud in his denner?" so how are we to imagine a skeleton cycling? But the book is an excellent one, all the same. Henceforth no one must torment Mr. Hillier with letters; they will but be referred to this book, where the art of cycling is explained more clearly and fully than ever before. The author has been at it since 1874, and is now one of our foremost experts and joint author of the "Badminton" volume. I confess to fifteen years' experience, and yet Mr. Hillier has given me many "wrinkles."

The latest thing for neuralgia is a tonic wine, called "St. Raphael Quinquina." It is also a splendid appetiser, and a glass taken before meals has a wonderful effect. The wine has a Burgundy basis of an excellent quality. In Paris, Brussels, and most of the Continental cities it has a very wide sale, and is to be found in nearly every café, restaurant, and hotel. The headquarters of the proprietors of this wine are at Avenue Parmentier, Paris. Messrs. Bowen and McKechnie are the sole agents for England and Wales. The price of the wine is 39s. per dozen, and 21s. per twelve half-bottles.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## YULE-TIDE GIFTS.

The eager air which always precedes Christmas is noticeably evident in the streets just now, when people hurry to and fro cheerfully preoccupied and on shopping cares intent. The country cousins are here again in droves, ecstatically glued to the shop-windows, while even the most accustomed citizen or citizeness is hardly less absorbed in the distractingly various prettinesses which beckon temptingly at our purse and heart-strings, saying, "Come hither, friend, and buy, for Christmas comes but once a-year, and someone you love would like me." Indeed, and 'tis a fascinating time and place this big town of yours at Christmas, nor does it ever put forth claims more irresistible on our incomes and interests than at this genial season, when men's minds are perhaps more tenderly attuned to their best influences, and the festival we Christians keep in the old, old fashion of kindness and merry-making, with mediæval holly-berry, mistletoe and carol, goes far to, at least temporarily, wipe out our hard-abiding consciousness of this hard world. Somebody

told me, the other day, that present-giving was the first spasmodic instinct of the savage, and, as such, not to be encouraged in the intelligent and highly civilised modern; but I would not give a fig for such cold-blooded deductions, and flatly told my didactic informant so. The giving of pleasure to others, the relieving of their little needs to the poor, the addition of one appreciated luxury to the rich, may be savagery, but is, moreover, one of the best instincts in human nature, and the pessimistic metaphysician who would tear so gentle a passion to tatters should be hoist with his own petard and left to the unregarded and unlovely existence he invokes in preaching his creed.

Meanwhile, to the genial and generous majority it will come anything but amiss if I vindicate my beliefs by practically pointing out for their greater guidance and enlightenment the particular places at which the gentle art of purchase may be studied to its best advantage, and thus, as the Immortal One, when transposed, would have it, not merely adorn a tale, but point a moral to boot. Mappin and Webb, for instance, of whom it may be said that they, like the "Brentford Town" of John Gilpin's nativity, are of "old renown" in the minds of men, publish a particularly seductive catalogue



A SILVER CARD-CASE.



BISCUIT OR TOBACCO BOX.

COMBINATION OF MUFFINEERS AND MUSTARD-POT.

this year—one, indeed, which, reaching us by post at this season and without at all undermining that economical *arrière-pensée* which may lie at the back of our brains, still invites—even induces—us to be generous by the sheer fascination of its subject-matter.

In the matter of jewellery, for instance, there are some quite charming and comparatively inexpensive bangles, and, as of these pretty toys a woman can never be led to consider she has too many, a gold jewelled bangle is always a welcome gift. Rings, neck-chains, and lockettes abound, as well as studs in all possible devices. For those with a feeling for the solid virtues of utility and domesticity, there is the far-famed Prince's Plate, out of which Mappin and Webb evolve all manner of

welcome additions to the pantry and plate-chest, as, for example, a new jam-frame with cut-glass dish; a smart butter-dish with a silver-plated robin on the handle and a hand-painted china receiver; new and quaint shapes in biscuit-boxes; a gigantic "bee" as a honey-pot; an

artistic egg-frame surnamed the "Just-out" in support of its quaint device for holding eggs; and, lastly, a luxurious bed-breakfast-set in Prince's plate and dainty china "fixin's" which would make a lazy morning indeed a thing of joy. All these and a hundred others rendered in that manner of excellent workmanship for which Mappin and Webb have long been famous, as well as at such moderate prices, really make the money turn in one's pocket, impatient to be out and away among such charming-equivalents. A few illustrations of other specialities will convey to my readers an idea of some doubly acceptable novelties brought out this season for the weal of gift-givers with what our forbears used to call "a taste." This beautifully finished biscuit or tobacco box, for instance, with highly polished plain surface, and queer little legs like a dachshund, is after the newly revived style of James I. of un-merry memory. So also is the combination of muffineers and mustard-pot.

The richly chased writing-table accessories rendered in silver would indeed make a present to be grateful for, while for the much-increased section of poker-players the oak case of four or six differently coloured "chips" is, when known, to be decidedly made a note of. The list, as will be seen, goes on unceasingly, but of all the dazzling display at Mappin and Webb's I was nathless most intrigued by a charming little tuck-away card-table and its companion for writing. Both shut up and take not more than two inches of space as to width in that attitude, while when open they are each strong and so thoroughly useful to play their respective parts. Dull silver, which comes so largely into favour, is freely represented here in embossed girdles, puff-box, toys for the silver-table, and so on endlessly. Delightful little bronze and ormolu boudoir-clocks are also plentifully on view, as is much that the heart of man, or even less easily satisfied woman, can desire.

Perfumes, which in all times and ages have especially appealed to the luxuriously constituted fair sex, are now brought to the very acme and apex of subtlety and fragrance by such noted flower-distillers as Atkinson, of Bond Street, who, just in time to meet the extra demand for sweet essences which prevails at Christmas and New Year ides, have invented a bouquet of special excellence, which is made known to us under the style and title of "Myretta." Put up in daintily fashioned flasks and bottles, we find the "Myretta Rose," the "Myretta Violet," "Myretta Jasmin"—deliciously reminiscent of its starry white blossom—and lastly, the "Myretta" bouquet itself *pur et simple*, which seems to hold the blended fragrance of a carefully picked posy in its grateful flavour. Then, for those of conservative constitution, to whom Atkinson's "White Rose" of half-a-century's well-won fame is still the Alpha and Omega of perfumes, there are new and engaging bottles of quaint and graceful shape to contain such old friends as both that and the Eau-de-Cologne which is another of the specialities that helped to build the long-conceded reputation for merit that this long-established firm won so well and so well maintains.

Sweets of another order, but a not less welcome one, are offered us by Sainsbury, of Strandward fame, whose famous chocolates, though speedily lost to sight on making an appearance, remain ever to memory dear. This season bonbons and lollipops of all sorts and kinds are also presented for our practical demonstration of their toothsome qualities. And for our greater undoing there are marrons glacés of special and particular excellence, caramels, Dragées flots, Pralines, Louis Quinze, and the nougat of Montélimar, whose classic flavour needs no panegyric from either youthful or adult advocate. All these delicacies are put up in smart cardboard boxes or in quaint and delightful jars of ornamental English and foreign pottery, or, again, in the now well-known split-cane baskets so cunningly fashioned by industrious Esquimaux in Labrador, and which Messrs. Sainsbury have been the first to introduce into this country. Another speciality of this highly esteemed firm is the old English lavender-water, which more than all others contains the bouquet and fragrance which first brought the essence of this exquisite old-fashioned flower into fame and favour. Many other delicious scents will also be found in the large choice which Sainsbury's well-filled counters show forth, and which now beckon us more temptingly than at any other time of year to stand and deliver our surplus coins.



FOR THE WRITING-TABLE.



A DAINTY PERFUME AT ATKINSON'S.



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## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Dec. 13.*

## THE MARKETS.

The spasm which came over the markets on Wednesday last, because of a few gold withdrawals, shows in how sensitive a state things are upon the Stock Exchange. The Settlement passed off well, the political scare has quite died out, and there is plenty of money seeking investment; indeed, the fear of dear money, and the suspicion in which most things of a speculative nature are held, can alone be considered adverse influences for the moment.

## SOUTH AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

It is not very long since we were calling attention to the hopefulness of Nitrate Rails as a speculation. The traffic-increases of the last two fortnights—the Nitrate Railways adopt the queer arrangement of bi-monthly announcements—have given a semblance of life to a department which has been dormant since the retirement from active Stock Exchange life of the late Colonel North. The excellent return published last Friday has brought up the company's increase for the current year to about £14,000 over that of 1897, and, with the quieter feeling which is becoming apparent throughout the country, Nitrate Rails ought to once more return an adequate yield to the shareholders. Last year was a very bad one for the company, its income being only £443,427, against £543,630 in 1896. While this year's figures cannot expect to approach those of the latter year, except by a miracle, it seems at least probable that they will well outdistance those of '97, and we should certainly not advise holders to sell, although the price is now standing at the highest point touched this year.

As regards the railways of Argentina, the prices of their stocks have lately been considerably improved by the continuous drop in the gold premium, which, after all, is a somewhat doubtful blessing to the general community, as it may place the administration in a distinctly awkward position. It is distinctly interesting to trace the rise that has taken place from the lowest recorded prices this year, and, although many are well under the highest quotations reached, it will be seen that the rise has been general. Taking a few stocks at random from the Official List, this is what we find. We include the Antofagasta Railway, although it is, of course, a Chilean line, but one whose stock suffered in the recent *malaise* between the two countries—

	Lowest 1898.	Dec. 2.	Rise.
Antofagasta ... ..	66	81	15
Arg. Gt. West 1st Deb. ...	101	105	4
B. Ayres Gt. Southern ...	134	143	9
B. Ayres and Ensenada ...	43½	71	27½
B. Ayres and Pacific Pref.	83½	87	3½
B. Ayres and Rosario ...	65	69	4
Central Argentine ... ..	73	85	12
East Argentine ... ..	38	45	7

Space forbids us going more fully into the subject; but, with a returning peacefulness in South America, there is no reason why the railway dividends should not improve, and there is every room for it. Let the country once be free from the petty time-seekers with which it has been burdened in the seat of Government; let it learn to keep its obligations faithfully, cost it never so much—and then will it and its industries begin to flourish. It is a pretty sentiment, but rather narrow-minded, that—

A nation may act  
Unselfishly—shiver a lance  
(As the least of her sons may, in fact),  
And not for the cause of finance.

## THE RUSSIAN OIL OLIGARCHY.

The exciting chase of the Russian Oil "bears" that has lately been going on in the Miscellaneous Market is a new chapter in the history of that inflammable department. When Russian Petroleums were taken up to nearly 3, it was confidently asserted that they would go to 5; then came the fire and a five-shilling dividend instead of a seven-and-sixpenny one, and the market quieted down a little. The next candidate for the punter's attention was the Baku Company, and the price of the shares was run up by speculators who were buying for the Special Settlement. This has now taken place, and here again the market has fallen upon comparatively quiet times. Rumours are already estimating what the first interim dividend will be.

A day or two ago began the rise in shares of the third member of the Russian Oil group, and, once more, the oligarchy which has been guiding the course of the recent boom gave strong support to Schibaieff Ordinary and Preference shares. An interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum has lately been declared upon the Ordinary, and the price has risen to 35s. After 12 per cent. is paid upon these, all other profits are equally divided between them and the 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares. When the company was issued, the Preference fell to a discount almost as soon as the allotment letters were out, but thousands of shares were bought for the Continent, and the Lombard Street firm which had the matter in hand was always willing to make a bid for whatever shares came on the market, *via* Hatton Court or anywhere else. Now, however, the Preference have risen to over 5½. Even at this price they look a fair speculative investment; but there is always the risk of fire to be considered before buying Russian Oil shares, and the insurance companies, so far as we know, absolutely decline to accept such fiery customers.

## THE GLOBE GROUP.

We trust that we shall be acquitted of any suspicion of *lèse-majesté* in venturing to say that the Le Roi would probably have been nowhere without the London and Globe Corporation. The parent company has advertised its baby in a way beyond all praise, the advertising having been started months and months ago, and public interest kept alive by a judicious system of guileless "puffing" in and out the papers. At length the advent of the Le Roi has been consummated, and for a week beforehand a premium had been established on the shares without a particle of official information having been vouchsafed as to the richness or capabilities of the property beyond the vague statements that have occasionally found their way to the front about the unparalleled wealth of the workings.

The issue being made to Globe and British America shareholders, it was, of course, necessary to lash the market for these two concerns into something like sprightliness; hence the rise in Globes to about par, and in British America to the region of 16s. 6d. The inquirer who seeks to know the true inwardness of the rise is still told in the Stock Exchange that "the shop are buying." We remember that the shop were "still buying" when the shares fell from 25s. quite recently. The companies suffer terribly because their shares are in the hands of a clique which is noted for many things, among which over-scrupulousness is certainly not one, and the public at large in buying Globes is trusting itself to people who possess about as much conscience as we on this side generally accredit to some of the American Railroad "bosses" of the States.

What does the premium amount to that has been so carefully prepared for the Le Roi issue? At the time of writing, it is quoted 10s. to 12s. 6d. The London and Globe or British America shareholder has the right to apply for one Le Roi at par (£5) for every fifteen shares he holds in the parent concerns, so that if he sells his rights he gets half-a-sovereign as a bonus upon every fifteen shares, or at the rate of eight-pence a share, provided that the premium be maintained. The temptation to join the unknown company has been presented with all the "diplomacy" for which the Globe group has become so unfortunately famous, but we are inclined to think that Globes and British America are not worth a cent more than their present prices, under existing circumstances.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

I wonder what the Sirdar thought of us when we had him all to ourselves in the House last Thursday? As the General stood on that bench sacred, as a rule, to Messrs. Ingram and Flemming, and smiled good-humouredly upon the tumultuous mob that roared and cheered around him, he must have thought the Stock Exchange was one of the queerest places he had ever been in. A more enthusiastic welcome could not have been given, and for a long time previous to his appearance there wasn't a standing-space to be had on a single bench along the line of route. Mr. Edward Clark, leading the procession, wore a worried look quite different to the bland smile which usually wreathes the face of the "politest man in the House." His bulky form afforded small protection to the guest, who was hustled and crushed in the midst of the enthusiastic crowd until his sunburnt face seemed to grow a shade redder still. He was protected on the other side by our Mr. Symes, whose dearest friend would not exactly call him a Goliath, and a waiter in front forged a thin-end-of-the-wedge course, through which the procession precariously travelled. In the Miscellaneous Market, where there was most room, some of the jobbers tried to mount upon their neighbours' backs, with results disastrous to both parties and their neighbours nearest. To hear Lord Kitchener's speech from a distance was utterly impossible, although he raised his voice to its full compass. "What's that he says?" queried a perspiring little broker as a roar of laughter greeted the speaker's remark that he didn't come here for nothing. "Says he wants to buy a thousand Chartered," replied a friend, who was equally in the dark, but did not mean to show it unnecessarily. Lord Kitchener's visit will not die out of the memory of the present generation of House-men; that is quite certain. The contribution of the House to his Gordon Memorial Fund looks as though it would easily reach £5000.

Once more has Money ruled the roost, much to the disgust of the roosters whose "bull" operations have thereby been disturbed. It is strange in times like these to notice how quickly the rumour spreads of how much gold is "going out" each day, and markets which, in the ordinary way, are utterly indifferent to the bullion operations, are heard in the morning gravely guessing the evening's announcement. The electrical sympathy which spreads from Consols to Chaffers, from Louisville to Liptons, has been strongly exemplified this week, a sudden drop in Goschens being almost enough to make the speculative markets lose their breath. You go and ask why Chartered are weak, and ten to one the answer you receive is "dearer money." Home Rails fall because half-a-million in gold is leaving the Bank, and Atch. Pref are weak owing to fears of heavier Contangoes next time (just as though any carrying-over rate would make the least difference if the market were really booming). Dear money is a skeleton in the Stock Exchange cupboard, and the bare suggestion is enough to cause uneasiness in the markets all round the House—an uneasiness which is temporary and bound to wear off and on again in course of time. Holders of investment securities need never be fearful simply because the Bank Rate moves up a point, although to the average House-man the event is full of gloomy portents.

In the Home Railway Market the principal feature has been the lively times enjoyed by Districts. From the manipulations of the price, it is easy enough to see that little heed need be paid to those who ascribe the fluctuations to natural causes, such as rumours of an amalgamation with the Metropolitan Railway, &c. The market is in the hands of a clique, and it is extremely dangerous to advise anyone what course to pursue. Were I a holder lower down, I would take my profit like a shot, and, if I believed in the line, would put the money into the 5 per cent. First Preference stock. The latter has improved to a very small extent in comparison with the Ordinary, and if the line is really going to make money, it must be safer, at all events, to buy the First Preference, which, of course, does not yet get its full dividend. Metropolitan, curiously enough, hang fire—another reason for supposing that the District advance is not all it ought to be. There has been a trio of markets this week whose ways have, to put it mildly, been difficult of understanding. Districts, English Sewing Cotton, and Ashanti Goldfields have all been taken in hand, put up to fancy prices, with no special reason apparently, and, as regards the last-named, people who do not take profits now do not deserve to have any at all. The English Sewing Cotton rise was mostly worked by the provinces, and obviously was intended to help the issue of the new



American Thread Company. The move was well planned, but badly executed, for the buyers came to the end of their rope some days before the "Thread" lists opened. "Will the English public 'cotton' to it pretty tidy, think ye?" said a son of the Land o' Cakes as he discussed the new company, but his friend missed the point, and entered into a list of forcible arguments why its shares should not be subscribed to. It has met with no favourable reception in the House.

The traffic of £1700 down on the top of a crushing decrease of over £15,000 exhibited by the Grand Trunk revenue statement for October came as a cold douche to the hopes of those who had been leading the little "bull" movement, and for the first few minutes after the figures were known Trunks were flying down by quarters at a time. Then the market began to wonder whether it was doing the right thing after all, and it also began to calculate that, if the October statement were bad, it was only what might have been expected. Next month, it said to itself, the scene will be changed, because of the rate peace—forgetting, in its haste to be good, that the restoration of rates came into force only on Nov. 28. Upon any determined rise, sell. You will probably get in cheaper by a point or two between this and New Year's Day 1899, if you have a fancy for "jobbing" the stock. The November statement, it may be as well to state, will probably fall far short of the sanguine estimates now indulged in, and not until February will the effects of the restoration of rates be manifest in the monthly statement.

The Mining Markets, after such a brilliant opening to the Account, lapsed into their usual state of inanition, almost the only exception being furnished by Goldfields of South Africa Ordinary shares. Concerning these all kinds of wild fancies have been abroad. One man declares they will touch 10 within a year. Such a thing is not a bit likely, but that price may be reached within the next five years, and the investor who locks up Goldfields will probably come out on top, although it means a weary waiting, I am afraid. At the East Rand meeting, held in Johannesburg this week, the Chairman remarked that the Comet, Angelo, and Driefontein Mines were all within reasonable distance of a dividend, possibly of 5s. a share on the two former. The Barnato Group is stagnant: a speculative mind might cast a look at Johnnies at the present price. Transvaal Gold Mining Estates have again slumped upon the mine-manager's report, which shows that the richest part of the property is almost exhausted. That report—a very dismal one—is dated from South Africa on Nov. 3. It reached the shareholders on Dec. 1. Between those dates there has been a constant and a heavy stream of selling. H'm! THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE GREAT BOULDER SQUABBLE.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Great Boulder shareholders will support the committee in its endeavour to get the milling contract set aside, and the Board of Directors who were a party to such a job sent into retirement, where they can do no more damage; but, although the Board have already shown the white feather, and will probably find themselves in a minority on the poll, it is very doubtful if the necessary three-quarters majority can be obtained to oust them from their lucrative posts. The reformers of our Company Law might well provide some remedy for a state of things in which directors may, and often do, cling to office, despite the fact that 74 per cent of the proprietors wish to be rid of them.

A weaker excuse than the letter of the secretary of the Great Boulder Proprietary in explanation of his refusal to receive the requisition of four hundred of the shareholders, whose money pays his salary, we have never read. Company secretaries in many cases, like numerous Somerset House officials, imagine that the work they do is a condescension on their part, for which those who pay them ought to be duly thankful.

One would have thought that £900 a-year apiece for each director, or about £50 for each attendance, would have been enough to satisfy the most grasping; but the milling contract, offering, as it does, excessive profits to another company, in which some of these same people are interested, reminds one of the worst performances of the Nitrate clique, among which, of course, some of the Great Boulder people served their apprenticeship.

The issue is in the hands of the shareholders, who should support the committee with their votes and proxies until the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as to the milling contract has seen the full light of day. Every director who is shown to have had any interest in the contract, direct or indirect, should be removed as a matter of course, and the secretary, who is too fine a gentleman to work after five minutes to one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, might be recommended to find another billet. Above all things, let even the smallest shareholder remember that every vote is of consequence, for a three-quarters majority is by no means easy to get, and at anything less the directors may very likely smile.

#### MCCRACKEN'S CITY BREWERY DEBENTURES.

When in 1896 the Australian shareholders sent a representative over here for the purpose of persuading the English bondholders to accept a plan which was little less than spoliation, the London Press succeeded in so rousing the holders to fight for their rights that the scheme was rejected, and a committee appointed to look after the debenture-holders' interests. During the two years that have elapsed the interest has been punctually paid, and terms have now been arranged whereby the balance of the uncalled capital is to be paid by the shareholders, the mortgages which rank in priority to the English bonds are to be paid off, £50,000 additional working capital is to be provided, and the debt to the Bank of Australasia liquidated, in consideration for which the date of the redemption of the debentures is put off from 1908 to 1918.

We cannot remember a more signal example of success attending those who help themselves, and the McCracken bondholders may well be an object-lesson to apathetic people who, as holders of Foreign Railway debentures or other like securities, are always complaining that their rights have been voted away, that their interest has been cut down, or some other atrocity perpetrated upon them. At 68 or 69, the 4½ per cent. McCracken Bonds appear a very tempting lock-up, as the security will now be a first charge on the whole assets of the Brewery.

#### ISSUES.

Searcy, Tansley, and Co., Limited.—This company has been formed to amalgamate two businesses of refreshment contractors, wine-merchants, and florists, and the public are being offered 50,000 Preferred Ordinary shares of £1 each, and £35,000 4½ Mortgage Debentures. The businesses are, in our opinion, very suitable for private firms to carry on, but not of a character to make a good joint-stock concern. The valuation shows assets supposed to be worth £73,000, and the purchase-price is £120,000, leaving about six years' purchase for the goodwill. The profits may be taken as £8000 a-year, if we accept the accountant's certificate, but they are lumped together, and no indication is given as to how much is attributable to each business.

Doulton and Co., Limited, with a share-capital of £750,000, divided into £350,000 of 5 per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares and £400,000 of Ordinary shares, together with a 4 per cent. Debenture debt of £350,000, is formed to take over the well-known pottery business which has hitherto been conducted by Messrs. Doulton and Co., of Lambeth. Two-thirds of the Preference shares and debentures are offered for subscription, and allottees of either class of stock will be fortunate. We very seldom have unstinted praise to give to a new issue, but in this case a good thing is offered at a fair price, and the public will, no doubt, absorb it with the utmost readiness. The tangible assets amount to £1,063,000, and the purchase price has only £37,000 added for the goodwill of a business whose average profits (of a progressive nature) are over £67,000 a year. We have seldom read a more straightforward or convincing document than this prospectus, and we strongly advise our readers to apply for shares or debentures as their fancy may dictate.

Saturday, Dec. 3, 1898.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H.—We think there is a reasonable prospect that, in time, the Second Preference may even reach your figure, but it will probably be a question of a year or more, and, meanwhile, the shares may not improbably be cheaper than they are now.

Mrs. J. B.—We do not see how the shares of the Ashbury Railway-Carriage Company, Limited, can be called a safe investment. No dividend was paid in the years 1893, 1894, 1895, and 1896. Five per cent. was paid last year, and the company may be doing very well now, but no reports are obtainable. It is a Manchester company, and we should advise you to inquire on the Manchester Stock Exchange.

S. V.—A shareholder is entitled to have a list of the shareholders in a company, with their addresses, &c., but he must pay for it at the rate of sixpence per hundred words. You could inspect the register and see the names and addresses for yourself, also the amounts paid up upon the shares, &c., but for this you would have to attend at the company's office and pay one shilling fee. The secretary was not bound to supply you with what you wanted for nothing.

J. J. G.—(1) We understand that those people who have banking accounts, especially deposit accounts, with Mr. Whiteley will have a preference in allotment when the business is brought out as a company next spring, and it was for this reason that we gave the advice we did to "Hovis Bread." (2) The mine is very well situated, but hitherto has not come up to the expectations of its friends. It seems almost impossible that with such splendid lodes all around this mine can fail to turn out well in the end. We have known such extraordinary things happen, however, so if you buy you must take the risk. Menzies Golden Age adjoins Lady Shenton, but no sooner do lodes get out of the latter's ground than they become broken up and valueless, and the same thing may, of course, happen here. (3) If you can get an allotment, you will probably make money, but until we have seen the prospectus it is impossible to do more than make such a general statement.

ROYER.—We understand that an interim dividend has not been paid on the Ordinary shares because the company is so full of work and doing such a large business that the Directors were unwilling to deprive themselves of the use of the money required to pay ten per cent. or anything like it. The company is said to be earning a great deal of money.

J. B.—We know absolutely nothing about the company you mention, nor does anyone on the Stock Exchange seem ever to have heard of it. No doubt it is a local concern, as to which you must make inquiries in Nottingham.

GEAR CASE.—The report you ask about has been published since your letter was written and answers the questions you ask.

RASPER.—See this week's Notes. It is a curious thing that even the most honourable men seem to have their sense of right and wrong blunted by sitting on the directors' side of the table. We have often noticed it.

J. V. K.—We should be holders for the moment of Nos. 1 and 3. As to No. 2, very doubtful. Get out of No. 1 on any considerable rise. No. 3 is a really good mine, but high enough.

CAMBRIDGE.—The company is a first-rate one. All fire offices are more speculative than the best life insurance concerns. If you look up the prices of other companies, you will find fluctuations of the same kind. The advice you got was good.

E. M. H.—It is no use for us to expose the swindle after the report in the Daily Mail of the Harmsworth Magazine case. If you have not got your money back, get your solicitor to issue a County Court summons without any letter before action.

AMBER.—The broker's name was sent to you on the 1st inst. We are glad that our remarks on outside dealers have convinced you that it is foolish to do business with them.